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Put Yourself in His Place.

CHAPTER XI.



N the twenty-fourth of December Miss Carden and Jael Dence drove to Cairnhope village, and stopped at the farm: but Nathan and his eldest daughter had already gone up to the Hall; so they waited there but a minute or two to light the carriage lamps, and then went on up the hill. It was pitch dark when they reached the house. Inside, one of Mr. Raby's servants was on the look-out for the sound of wheels, and the visitors had no need to knock or ring; this was a point of honour with the master of the mansion; when he did invite people, the house opened its arms; even as they drove up,

open flew the great hall-door, and an enormous fire inside blazed in their faces, and shot its flame beyond them out into the night.

Grace alighted, and was about to enter the house, when Jael stopped her, and said, "Oh, Miss, you will be going in left foot foremost. Pray don't do that: it is so unlucky."

Grace laughed, but changed her foot, and entered a lofty hall, hung with helmets, pikes, breast-plates, bows, cross-bows, antlers, etc. etc.

Opposite her was the ancient chimney-piece and ingle-nook, with no grate, but two huge iron dogs, set five feet apart; and on them lay a birch log and root, the size of a man, with a dozen beech billets burning briskly and crackling underneath and aside it. This genial furnace warmed the staircase and passages, and cast a fiery glow out on the carriage, and glorified the steel helmets and breast-plates of the dead Rabies on the walls, and the sparkling eyes of the two beautiful women who now stood opposite it in the pride of their youth, and were warmed to the heart by its crackle and glow. "Oh! what a glorious fire, this bitter night. Why, I never saw such a——"

"It is the Yule log, Miss. Ay, and you might go all round England, and not find its fellow, I trow. But our Squire he don't go to the chandler's shop for his yule log, but to his own woods, and fells a great tree."

A housemaid now came forward with bed-candles, to show Miss Carden to her room. Grace was going up, as a matter of course, when Jael, busy helping the footman with her boxes, called after her: "The stocking, Miss! the stocking!"

Grace looked down at her feet in surprise.

"There it is, hung up by the door. We must put our presents into it before we go upstairs."

"Must we? what on earth am I to give?"

"Oh, anything will do. See, I shall put in this crooked sixpence."

Grace examined her purse, and complained that all her stupid sixpences were straight.

"Never mind, Miss; put in a hair-pin, sooner than pass the stocking o' Christmas Eve."

Grace had come prepared to encounter old customs. She offered her shawl-pin: and Jael, who had modestly inserted her own gift, pinned Grace's offering on the outside of the stocking with a flush of pride. Then they went upstairs with the servant, and Grace was ushered into a bedroom of vast size, with two fires burning at each end; each fireplace was flanked with a coal-scuttle full of kennel coal in large lumps, and also with an enormous basket of beech billets. She admired the old-fashioned furniture, and said, "Oh, what a palace of a bedroom! This will spoil me for my little poky room. Here one can roam about and have great thoughts. Hillsborough, good-by! I end my days in the country."

Presently her quick ear caught the rattle of swift wheels upon the hard road: she ran to the window, and peeped behind the curtain. Two brilliant lamps were in sight, and drew nearer and nearer, like great goggling eyes, and soon a neat dogcart came up to the door. Before it had well stopped, the hospitable door flew open, and the yule fire shone on Mr. Coventry, and his natty groom, and his dogcart with plated axles; it illumined the silver harness, and the roan horse himself, and the breath, that poured into the keen air from his nostrils red inside.

Mr. Coventry dropped from his shoulders, with easy grace, something

between a coat and a cloak, lined throughout with foxes' skins; and, alighting, left his groom to do the rest. The fur was reddish, relieved with occasional white; and Grace gloated over it, as it lay glowing in the fire-light. "Ah!" said she, "I should never do for a poor man's wife: I'm so fond of soft furs and things, and I don't like poky rooms." With that she fell into a reverie, which was only interrupted by the arrival of Jael and her boxes.

Jael helped her unpack, and dress. There was no lack of conversation between these two: but most of it turned upon nothings. One topic, that might have been interesting to the readers of this tale, was avoided by them both. They had now come to have a high opinion of each other's penetration, and it made them rather timid and reserved on that subject.

Grace was dressed, and just going down, when she found she wanted a pin. She asked Jael for one.

Jael looked aghast. "Oh, Miss, I'd rather you would take one, in spite of me."

"Well, so I will. There!" And she whipped one away from the bosom of Jael's dress.

"Mind I never gave it you."

"No. I took it by brute force."

"I like you too well to give you a pin."

"May I venture to inquire what would be the consequence?"

"Ill luck, you may be sure. Heart trouble, they do say."

"Well, I'm glad to escape that so easily. Why, this is the temple of superstition, and you are the High Priestess. How shall I ever get on at dinner, without you? I know I shall do something to shock Mr. Raby. Perhaps spill the very salt. I generally do."

"Ay, Miss, at home. But, dear heart, you won't see any of them nasty little salt-cellars here, that some crazy creature have invented to bring down bad luck. You won't spill the salt here, no fear: but don't ye let anybody help you to it neither. If he helps you to salt, he helps you to sorrow."

"Oh, does he? Then it is fortunate nobody ever does help anybody to salt. Well, yours is a nice creed. Why, we are all at the mercy of other people, according to you. Say I have a rival: she smiles in my face, and says, 'My sweet friend, accept this tribute of my esteem;' and gives me a pinch of salt, before I know where I am. I wither on the spot; and she sails off with the prize. Or, if there is no salt about, she comes behind me with a pin, and pins it to my skirt, and that pierces my heart. Don't you see what abominable nonsense it all is?"

The argument was cut short by the ringing of a tremendous bell. Grace gave the last, swift, searching, all-comprehensive look of her sex, into the glass, and went down to the drawing-room. There she found Mr. Raby, and Mr. Coventry, who both greeted her cordially; and the next moment dinner was announced.

"Raby Hall" was a square house, with two large low wings. The left wing contained the kitchen, pantry, scullery, bakehouse, brewhouse, etc.; and servants' bedrooms above. The right wing the stables, coach-houses, cattle-sheds, and several bedrooms. The main building the hall, the best bedrooms, and the double staircase, leading up to them in horse-shoe form from the hall: and, behind the hall, on the ground-floor, there was a morning-room, in which several of the Squire's small tenants were even now preparing for supper by drinking tea, and eating cakes made in rude imitation of the infant Saviour. On the right of the hall were the two drawing-rooms en suite, and on the left was the remarkable room, into which the host now handed Miss Carden, and Mr. Coventry followed. This room had been, originally, the banqueting-hall. It was about twenty feet high, twenty-eight feet wide, and fifty feet long, and ended in an enormous bay window, that opened upon the lawn. It was entirely panelled with oak, carved by old Flemish workmen, and adorned here and there with bold devices. The oak, having grown old in a pure atmosphere, and in a district where wood and roots were generally burned, in dining-rooms, had acquired a very rich and beautiful colour, a pure and healthy reddish brown, with no tinge whatever of black: a mighty different hue from any you can find in Wardour Street. Plaster ceiling there was none, and never had been. The original joists, and beams, and boards, were still there, only not quite so rudely fashioned as of old; for Mr Raby's grandfather had caused them to be planed and varnished, and gilded a little in serpentine lines. This wood-work above gave nobility to the room, and its gilding, though worn, relieved the eye agreeably.

The farther end was used as a study, and one side of it graced with books, all handsomely bound: the other side, with a very beautiful organ that had an oval mirror in the midst of its gilt dummy-pipes. All this made a cosy nook in the grand room.

What might be called the dining-room part, though rich, was rather sombre, on ordinary occasions; but this night it was decorated gloriously. The materials were simple—wax-candles and holly; the effect was produced by a magnificent use of these materials. There were eighty candles, of the largest size sold in shops, and twelve wax pillars, five feet high, and the size of a man's calf; of these, four only were lighted at present. The holly was not in sprigs, but in enormous branches, that filled the eye with glistening green and red: and, in the embrasure of the front window stood a young holly-tree, entire, eighteen feet high, and gorgeous with five hundred branches of red berries. The tree had been dug up, and planted here in an enormous bucket, used for that purpose, and filled with mould.

Close behind this tree were placed two of the wax pillars, lighted, and their flame shone through the leaves and berries magically.

As Miss Carden entered, on Mr. Raby's arm, her eye swept the room with complacency, and settled on the holly-tree. At sight of that, she pinched Mr. Raby's arm, and cried "Oh!" three times. Then, ignoring

the dinner-table altogether, she pulled her host away to the tree, and stood before it, with clasped hands. "Oh, how beautiful!"

Mr. Raby was gratified. "So then our forefathers were not quite such fools as some people say."

"They were angels, they were ducks. It is beautiful, it is divine."

Mr. Raby looked at the glowing cheek, and deep, sparkling, sapphire eye. "Come," said he; "after all there's nothing here so beautiful as the young lady, who now honours the place with her presence."

With this he handed her ceremoniously to a place at his right hand; said a short grace, and sat down between his two guests.

"But, Mr. Raby," said Grace, ruefully, "I'm with my back to the holly-tree."

"You can ask Coventry to change places."

Mr. Coventry rose, and the change was effected.

"Well, it is your doing, Coventry. Now she'll overlook you."

"All the better for me, perhaps. I'm content: Miss Carden will look at the holly, and I shall look at Miss Carden."

"Faute de mieux."

"C'est méchant."

"And I shall fine you both a bumper of champagne, for going out of the English language."

"I shall take my punishment like a man."

"Then take mine as well. Champagne with me means frenzy."

But, in the midst of the easy banter and jocose airy nothings of the modern dining-room, an object attracted Grace's eye. It was a picture, with its face turned to the wall, and some large letters on the back of the canvas.

This excited Grace's curiosity directly, and, whenever she could without being observed, she peeped, and tried to read the inscription; but, what with Mr. Raby's head, and a monster candle that stood before it, she could not decipher it unobserved. She was inclined to ask Mr. Raby; but she was very quick, and, observing that the other portraits were of his family, she suspected at once that the original of this picture had offended her host, and that it would be in bad taste, and might be offensive, to question him. Still the subject took possession of her.

At about eight o'clock a servant announced candles in the drawing-room.

Upon this Mr. Raby rose, and, without giving her any option on the matter, handed her to the door with obsolete deference.

In the drawing-room she found a harpsichord, a spinet, and a piano, all tuned expressly for her. This amused her, as she had never seen either of the two older instruments in her life. She played on them all three.

Mr. Raby had the doors thrown open to hear her.

She played some pretty little things from Mendelssohn, Spohr, and Schubert,

The gentlemen smoked and praised.

Then she found an old music-book, and played Handel's overture to *Otho*, and the minuet.

The gentlemen left off praising directly, and came silently into the room to hear the immortal melodist. But this is the rule in Music; the lips praise the delicate gelatinous, the heart beats in silence at the mighty melodious.

Tea and coffee came directly afterwards, and, ere they were disposed of, a servant announced "The Wassailers."

"Well, let them come in," said Mr. Raby.

The school-children and young people of the village trooped in, and made their obeisances, and sang the Christmas Carol,—

God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay.

Then one of the party produced an image of the Virgin and Child, and another offered comfits in a box: a third presented the wassail-cup, into which Raby immediately poured some silver, and Coventry followed his example. Grace fumbled for her purse, and, when she had found it, began to fumble in it for her silver.

But Raby lost all patience, and said, "There, I give this for the lady, and she'll pay me *next Christmas*."

The wassailers departed, and the Squire went to say a kind word to his humbler guests.

Miss Carden took that opportunity to ask Mr. Coventry if he had noticed the picture with its face to the wall. He said he had.

"Do you know who it is?"

"No idea."

"Did you read the inscription?"

"No. But, if you are curious, I'll go back to the dining-room, and read it."

"I'm afraid he might be angry. There is no excuse for going there now."

"Send me for your pocket-handkerchief."

"Please see whether I have left my pocket-handkerchief in the dining-room, Mr. Coventry," said Grace, demurely.

Mr. Coventry smiled, and hurried away. But he soon came back to say that the candles were all out, the windows open, and the servants laying the cloth for supper.

"Oh, never mind, then," said Grace; "when we go in to supper I'll look myself."

But a considerable time elapsed before supper, and Mr. Coventry spent this time in making love rather ardently, and Grace in defending herself rather feebly.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when Mr. Raby rejoined them, and they all went in to supper. There were candles lighted on the table, and a

few here and there upon the walls ; but the room was very sombre : and Mr. Raby informed them this was to remind them of the moral darkness, in which the world lay before that great event they were about to celebrate.

He then helped each of them to a ladleful of frumety, remarking at the same time, with a grim smile, that they were not obliged to eat it ; there would be a very different supper after midnight.

Then a black-letter Bible was brought him, and he read it all to himself at a side-table.

After an interval of silence so passed, there was a gentle tap at the bay window. Mr. Raby went and threw it open, and immediately a woman's voice, full, clear, and ringing, sang outside :—

The first Noel the angels did say,
Was to three poor shepherds, in fields as they lay ;
In fields where they were keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.

Chorus. Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
Born is the King of Israel.

The chorus also was sung outside.

During the chorus one of the doors opened, and Jael Dence came in by it ; and the treble singer, who was the blacksmith's sister, came in at the window, and so the two women met in the room, and sang the second verse in sweetest harmony. These two did not sing like invalids, as their more refined sisters too often do ; from their broad chests, and healthy lungs, and noble throats, and, above all, their musical hearts, they poured out the harmony so clear and full, that every glass in the room rang like a harp, and a bolt of ice seemed to shoot down Grace Carden's back-bone ; and, in the chorus, gentle George's bass was like a diapason.

They looked up and saw a star
That shone in the East beyond them far.
And unto the earth it gave a great light,
And so it continued both day and night.

Chorus. Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
Born is the King of Israel.

As the Noel proceeded, some came in at the window, others at the doors, and the lower part of the room began to fill with singers and auditors.

The Noel ended ; there was a silence, during which the organ was opened, the bellows blown, and a number of servants and others came into the room with little lighted tapers, and stood, in a long row, awaiting a signal from the Squire.

He took out his watch, and, finding it was close on twelve o'clock, directed the doors to be flung open, that he might hear the great clock in the hall strike the quarters.

There was a solemn hush of expectation, that made the sensitive heart of Grace Carden thrill with anticipation.

The clock struck the first quarter—dead silence ; the second—the third—dead silence.

But, at the fourth, and with the first stroke of midnight, out burst the full organ and fifty voices, with the "Gloria in excelsis Deo:" and, as that divine hymn surged on, the lighters ran along the walls and lighted the eighty candles, and, for the first time, the twelve waxen pillars, so that, as the hymn concluded, the room was in a blaze, and it was Christmas Day.

Instantly an enormous punch-bowl was brought to the host. He put his lips to it, and said, "Friends, neighbours, I wish you all a merry Christmas." Then there was a cheer that made the whole house echo; and, by this time, the tears were running down Grace Carden's cheeks.

She turned aside, to hide her pious emotion, and found herself right opposite the picture, with this inscription, large and plain, in the blaze of light,—

"GONE INTO TRADE."

If, in the middle of the pious harmony, that had stirred her soul, some blaring trumpet had played a polka, in another key, it could hardly have jarred more upon her devotional frame, than did this earthy line, that glared out between two gigantic Yule candles, just lighted in honour of Him, whose mother was in trade when he was born.

She turned from it with deep repugnance, and seated herself in silence at the table.

Very early in the supper she made an excuse, and retired to her room: and, as she went out, her last glance was at the mysterious picture.

She saw it again next morning at breakfast-time; but, it must be owned, with different eyes. It was no longer contrasted with a religious ceremony, and with the sentiments of gratitude and humility proper to that great occasion, when we commemorate His birth, whose mother had gone into trade. The world, and society, whose child she was, seemed now to speak with authority from the canvas, and to warn her how vain and hopeless were certain regrets, which lay secretly, I might say clandestinely, at her heart.

She revered her godfather, and it was no small nor irrelevant discovery to find that he had actually turned a picture in disgrace to the wall, because its owner had descended to the level, or probably not quite to the level, of Henry Little.

Jael Dence came up from the farm on Christmas afternoon, and almost the first word Grace spoke was to ask her if she knew whose picture that was in the dining-room. This vague description was enough for Jael. She said she could not tell for certain, but she had once heard her father say it was the Squire's own sister; but, when she had pressed him on the subject, the old man had rebuked her—told her not to meddle too much with other folks' business. "And to be sure, Squire has his reasons, no doubt," said Jael, rather drily.

"The reason that is written on the back?"

"Ay: and a very poor reason too, to my mind."

"You are not the best judge of that—excuse me for saying so. Oh dear, I wish I could see it."

"Don't think of such a thing, Miss. You can't, however, for it's padlocked down that way you could never loose it without being found out. No longer ago than last Yule-time 'twas only turned, and not fastened. But they say in the kitchen, that one day last month Squire had them all up, and said the picture had been tampered with while he was at Hillsboro'; and he scolded, and had it strapped and padlocked down as 'tis."

The reader can imagine the effect of these fresh revelations. And a lover was at hand, of good birth, good manners, and approved by her godfather. That lover saw her inclining towards him, and omitted nothing to compliment and please her. To be sure, that was no uphill work, for he loved her better than he had ever loved a woman in his life, which was a good deal to say, in his case.

They spent Christmas Day very happily together. Church in the morning; then luncheon; then thick boots, a warmer shawl, and a little walk all together; for Mr. Raby took a middle course; since no positive engagement existed, he would not allow his fair guest to go about with Mr. Coventry alone, and so be compromised, even in village eyes; but, on the other hand, by stopping now and then to give an order, or exchange a word, he gave Coventry many opportunities, and that gentleman availed himself of them with his usual tact.

In the evening they sat round the great fire, and Mr. Raby mulled and spiced red wine by a family receipt, in a large silver saucepan; and they sipped the hot and generous beverage, and told stories and legends, the custom of the house on Christmas night. Mr. Raby was an inexhaustible repertory of ghost stories and popular legends. But I select one that was told by Mr. Coventry, and told with a certain easy grace that gave it no little interest.

MR. COVENTRY'S TALE.

"When I was quite a child, there was a very old woman living in our village, that used to frighten me with her goggle eyes, and muttering. She passed for a witch, I think; and when she died—I was eight years old then—old people put their heads together, and told strange stories about her early life. It seems that this Molly Slater was away in service at Bollington, a village halfway between our place and Hillsborough, and her fellow-servants used to quiz her because she had no sweetheart. At last, she told them to wait till next Hillsboro' fair, and they should see. And, just before the fair, she reminded them of their sneers, and said she would not come home without a sweetheart, though she took the Evil one himself. For all that, she did leave the fair alone. But, as she trudged home in the dark, a man overtook her, and made acquaintance with her. He was a pleasant fellow, and told her his name was William Easton.

Of course she could not see his face very well, but he had a wonderfully sweet voice. After that night, he used to court her, and sing to her, but always in the dark. He never would face a candle, though he was challenged to more than once. One night there was a terrible noise heard—it is described as if a number of men were threshing out corn upon the roof—and Molly Slater was found wedged in between the bed and the wall, in a place where there was scarcely room to put your hand. Several strong men tried to extricate her by force; but both the bed and the woman's body resisted so strangely that, at last, they thought it best to send for the parson. He was a great scholar, and himself under some suspicion of knowing more than it would be good for any less pious person to know. Well, the parson came, and took a candle that was burning, and held it to the place where poor Molly was imprisoned, and moaning; and they say he turned pale, and shivered, for all his learning. I forget what he said or did next; but by-and-by there was a colloquy in a whisper between him and some person unseen; and they say that this unseen whisper was very sweet, and something like the chords of a harp, only low and very articulate. The parson whispered, 'God gives a sinner time.' The sweet voice answered, 'He can afford to; he is the stronger.' Then the parson adjured the unseen one to wait a year and a day. But he refused, still in the gentlest voice. Then the parson said these words: 'By all we love and fear, by all you fear and hate, I adjure you to loose her, or wait till next Christmas Eve.'

"I suppose the Evil Spirit saw some trap in that proposal, for he is said to have laughed most musically. He answered, 'By all I fear and hate, I'll loose her never; but, but I'll wait for her—till the candle's burnt out;' and he chuckled most musically again.

"'Then wait to all eternity,' the parson roared; and blew the candle out directly, and held it, with his hands crossed over it."

Grace Carden's eyes sparkled in the firelight. "Go on," she cried, excitedly.

"The girl was loosed easily enough after that; but she was found to be in a swoon; and not the least bruised, though ten villagers had been pulling at her one after another."

"And what became of her afterwards?"

"She lived to be ninety-six, and died in my time. I think she had money left her. But she never married; and, when she was old, she wandered about the lanes, muttering, and frightening little boys, myself among the number. But now my little story follows another actor of the tale."

"Oh, I'm so glad it is not over."

"No. The parson took the candle away, and it was never seen again. But, somehow, it got wind that he had built it into the wall of the church; perhaps he didn't say so, but was only understood to say so. However, people used to look round the church for the place. And now comes the most remarkable thing of all; three years ago the present rector repaired

the floor of the chancel, intending to put down encaustic tiles. Much to his surprise, the workmen found plenty of old encaustic tiles: they had been interred as rubbish at some period, when antiquity and beauty were less respected than they are now, I suppose."

Mr. Raby broke in, "The Puritans. Barbarians! beasts! It was just like them. Well, sir——?"

"When the rector found that, he excavated more than was absolutely necessary for his purpose, and the deeper he went, the more encaustic tiles. In one place they got down to the foundation, and they found an oak chest fast in the rock,—a sort of channel had been cut in the rock for this chest, or rather box (for it was only about eighteen inches long), to lie in. The master mason was there luckily, and would not move it till the rector had seen it. He was sent for, but half the parish was there before him; and he tells me there were three theories firmly established, and proved, before he could finish his breakfast and get to the spot. Theory of Wilder the village grocer: 'It is treasure hidden by them there sly old monks.' Mr. Wilder is a miser, and is known to lay up money. He is, I believe, the only man left in the North country who can show you a hundred spade guineas."

Mr. Raby replied, energetically, "I respect him. Wilder for ever! What was the next theory?"

"The skeleton of a child. I forget who propounded this; but I believe it carried the majority. But the old sexton gave it a blow. 'Nay, nay,' said he; 'them's the notions of strangers. I was born here, and my father afore me. It will be Molly Slater's candle, and nought else.' Then poor Molly's whole story came up again over the suspected box. But I am very tedious."

"Tedious! You are delightful, and thrilling, and pray go on. The rector had the box opened?"

"On the spot."

"Well!"

"The box went to pieces, in spite of all their care. But there was no doubt as to its contents."

Grace exclaimed, enthusiastically, "A candle. Oh, do say a candle!"

Mr. Coventry responded, "It's awfully tempting; but I suspect the traditional part of my story is *slightly embellished*: so the historical part must be accurate. What the box did really contain, to my knowledge, was a rush-wick, much thicker than they are made now-a-days; and this rush-wick was impregnated with grease, and even lightly coated with a sort of brown wafer-like paste. The rector thinks it was a combination of fine dust from the box with the original grease. He shall show it you, if you are curious to see it."

"Of course we are curious. Oh, Mr. Raby, what a strange story. And how well he told it."

"Admirably. We must drink his health."

"I'll wish it him instead, because I require all my reason just now to understand his story. And I don't understand it, after all. There; you found the candle, and so it is all true. But what does the rector think?"

"Well, he says there is no connection whatever between the rush-wick and——"

"Don't tell her what *he* says," cried Raby, with a sudden fury that made Grace start and open her eyes. "I know the puppy. He is what is called a divine now-a-days; but used to be called a sceptic. There never was so infidel an age. Socinus was content to prove Jesus Christ a man; but Renan has gone and proved him a Frenchman. Nothing is so gullible as an unbeliever. The right reverend father in God, Cocker, has gnawed away the Old Testament; the Oxford doctors are nibbling away the New: nothing escapes but the Apocrypha: yet these same sceptics believe the impudent lies, and monstrous arithmetic, of geology, which babbles about a million years, a period actually beyond the comprehension of the human intellect; and takes up a jawbone, that some sly navvy, has transplanted overnight from the churchyard into Lord knows what stratum, fees the navvy, gloats over the bone, and knocks the Bible down with it. No, Mr. Coventry, your story is a good one, and well told; don't let us defile it with the comments of a sceptical credulous pedant. Fill your glass, sir. Here's to old religion, old stories, old songs, old houses, old wine, old friends, or" (recovering himself with admirable grace) "to new friends that are to be old ones ere we die. Come, let the stronger vessel drink, and the weaker vessel sip, and all say together, after me,—

Well may we all be,
Ill may we never see,
That make good company
Beneath the roof of Raby."

When this rude rhyme had been repeated in chorus, there was a little silence, and the conversation took a somewhat deeper tone. It began through Grace asking Mr. Raby, with all the simplicity of youth, whether he had ever seen anything supernatural with his own eyes. "For instance," said she, "this deserted church of yours, that you say the shepherd said he saw on fire—did *you* see that?"

"Not I. Indeed, the church is not in sight from here. No, Grace, I never saw anything supernatural: and I am sorry for it, for I laugh at people's notion that a dead man has any power to injure the living; how can a cold wind come from a disembodied spirit? I am all that a ghost is, and something more; and I only wish I *could* call the dead from their graves; I'd soon have a dozen gentlemen and ladies out of that old churchyard into this very room. And, if they would only come, you would see me converse with them as civilly and as calmly as I am doing with you. The fact is, I have some questions to put, which only the dead

can answer—passages in the family correspondence, referring to things I can't make out for the life of me."

"Oh, Mr. Raby, pray don't talk in this dreadful way, for fear they should be angry and come." And Grace looked fearfully round over her shoulder.

Mr. Raby shook his head; and there was a dead silence.

Mr. Raby broke it rather unexpectedly. "But," said he, gravely, "if I have seen nothing, I've heard something. Whether it was supernatural, I can't say; but, at least, it was unaccountable and terrible. I have heard THE GABRIEL HOUNDS."

Mr. Coventry and Grace looked at one another, and then inquired, almost in a breath, what the Gabriel hounds were.

"A strange thing in the air that is said, in these parts, to foretell calamity."

"Oh dear!" said Grace, "this is thrilling again; pray tell us."

"Well, one night I was at Hillsborough on business, and, as I walked by the old parish church, a great pack of beagles, in full cry, passed close over my head."

"Oh!

"Yes; they startled me, as I never was startled in my life before. I had never heard of the Gabriel hounds then, and I was stupefied. I think I leaned against the wall there full five minutes, before I recovered myself, and went on."

"Oh dear! But did anything come of it?"

"You shall judge for yourself. I had left a certain house about an hour and a half: there was trouble in that house, but only of a pecuniary kind. To tell the truth, I came back with some money for them, or rather, I should say, with the promise of it. I found the wife in a swoon: and, upstairs, her husband lay dead by his own hand."

"Oh, my poor godpapa!" cried Grace, flinging her arm tenderly round his neck.

"Ay, my child, and the trouble did not end there. Insult followed; ingratitude; and a family feud, which is not healed yet, and never will be—till she and her brat come on their knees to me."

Mr. Raby had no sooner uttered these last words with great heat, than he was angry with himself. "Ah!" said he, "the older a man gets, the weaker. To think of my mentioning that to you young people!" And he rose and walked about the room in considerable agitation and vexation. "Curse the Gabriel hounds! It is the first time I have spoken of them since that awful night; it is the last time I ever will speak of them. What they are, God, who made them, knows. Only I pray I may never hear them again, nor any friend of mine."

Next morning Jael Dence came up to the Hall, and almost the first question Grace asked her was, whether she had ever heard of the Gabriel hounds.

Jael looked rather puzzled. Grace described them after Mr. Raby.

"Why, that will be Gabble Retchet," said Jael. "I wouldn't talk much about the like, if I was you, Miss."

But Grace persisted, and, at last, extracted from her that sounds had repeatedly been heard in the air at night, as of a pack of hounds in full cry, and that these hounds ran before Trouble. "But," said Jael, solemnly, "they are not hounds at all; they are the souls of unbaptized children, wandering in the air till the day of judgment."

This description, however probable, had the effect of making Grace disbelieve the phenomenon altogether, and she showed her incredulity by humming a little air.

But Jael soon stopped that. "Oh, Miss, pray don't do so. If you sing before breakfast, you'll cry before supper."

At breakfast, Mr. Coventry invited Miss Carden to go to the top of Cairnhope Peak, and look over four counties. He also told her she could see Bollinghope House, his own place, very well from the Peak.

Grace assented: and, immediately after breakfast, begged Jael to be in the way to accompany her. She divined, with feminine quickness, that Mr. Coventry would be very apt, if he pointed out Bollinghope House to her from the top of a mountain, to say, "Will you be its mistress?" but, possibly, she did not wish to be hurried, or it may have been only a mere instinct, an irrational impulse of self-defence, with which the judgment had nothing to do; or perhaps it was simple modesty. Any way, she engaged Jael to be of the party.

It was talked of again at luncheon, and then Mr. Raby put in a word. "I have one stipulation to make, young people, and that is that you go up the east side, and down the same way. It is all safe walking on that side. I shall send you in my four-wheel to the foot of the hill, and George will wait for you there at the 'Colley Dog' public-house, and bring you home again."

This was, of course, accepted with thanks, and the four-wheel came round at two o'clock. Jael was seated in front by the side of George, who drove; Mr. Coventry and Grace, behind. He had his fur-cloak to keep his companion warm on returning from the hill; but Mr. Raby, who did nothing by halves, threw in some more wraps, and gave a warm one to Jael; she was a favourite with him, as indeed were all the Dences.

They started gaily, and rattled off at a good pace. Before they had got many yards on the high-road, they passed a fir-plantation, belonging to Mr. Raby, and a magpie fluttered out of this, and flew across the road before them.

Jael seized the reins, and pulled them so powerfully, she stopped the pony directly. "Oh, the foul bird!" she cried, "turn back! turn back!"

"What for?" inquired Mr. Coventry.

"We shall meet with trouble else. One magpie! and right athwart us too."

"What nonsense!" said Grace.

"Nay, nay, it is not; Squire knows better. Wait just one minute, till I speak to Squire." She sprang from the carriage with one bound, and, holding up her dress with one hand, ran into the house like a lapwing.

"The good, kind, silly thing!" said Grace Carden.

Jael soon found Mr. Raby, and told him about the magpie, and begged him to come out and order them back.

But Mr. Raby smiled, and shook his head. "That won't do. Young ladies and gentlemen of the present day don't believe in omens."

"But you do know better, sir. I have heard father say you were going into Hillsborough with him one day, and a magpie flew across, and father persuaded you to turn back."

"That is true; he was going in to buy some merino sheep, and I to deposit my rents in Carrington's bank. Next day the bank broke. And the merino sheep all died within the year. But how many thousand times does a magpie cross us and nothing come of it? Come, run away, my good girl, and don't keep them waiting."

Jael obeyed, with a sigh. She went back to her party—they were gone. The carriage was just disappearing round a turn in the road. She looked at it with amazement, and even with anger. It seemed to her a brazen act of bad faith.

"I wouldn't have believed it of her," said she, and went back to the house, mortified and grieved. She did not go to Mr. Raby again; but he happened to catch sight of her about an hour afterwards, and called to her—"How is this, Jael? Have you let them go alone, because of a magpie?" And he looked displeased.

"Nay, sir: she gave me the slip, while I went to speak to you for her good; and I call it a dirty trick, saving your presence. I told her I'd be back in a moment."

"Oh, it is not her doing, you may be sure; it is the young gentleman. He saw a chance to get her alone, and of course he took it. I am not very well pleased; but I suppose she knows her own mind. It is to be a marriage, no doubt." He smoothed it over, but was a little put out, and stalked away without another word: he had said enough to put Jael's bosom in a flutter, and open a bright prospect to her heart; Miss Carden once disposed of in marriage, what might she not hope? She now reflected, with honest pride, that she had merited Henry's love by rare unselfishness. She had advised him loyally, had even co-operated with him as far as any poor girl, with her feelings for him, could do; and now Mr. Coventry was going to propose marriage to her rival, and she believed Miss Carden would say "yes," though she could not in her heart believe that even Miss Carden did not prefer the other. "Ay, lad," said she, "if I am to win thee, I'll be able to say I won thee fair."

These sweet thoughts and hopes soon removed her temporary anger, and nothing remained to dash the hopeful joy, that warmed that large and loyal heart this afternoon, except a gentle misgiving that Mr. Coventry

might make Grace a worse husband than she deserved. It was thus she read the magpie, from three o'clock till six, that afternoon.

When a man and a woman do anything wrong, it is amusing to hear the judgments of other men and women thereupon. The men all blame the man, and the women all the woman. That is judgment, is it not?

But in some cases our pitchfarthing judgments must be either heads or tails; so Mr. Raby, who had cried heads, when a Mrs. Raby would have cried 'woman,' was right; it *was* Mr. Coventry, and not Miss Carden, who leaned over to George, and whispered, "A sovereign, to drive on without her! Make some excuse."

The cunning Yorkshire groom's eye twinkled at this, and he remained passive a minute or two: then, said suddenly, with well-acted fervour, "I can't keep the pony waiting in the cold, like this;" applied the whip, and rattled off with such decision, that Grace did not like to interfere, especially as George was known to be one of those hard masters, an old servant.

So, by this little ruse, Mr. Coventry had got her all to himself for the afternoon. And now she felt sure he would propose that very day.

She made no movement whatever either to advance or to avoid the declaration.

It is five miles from Raby Hall, through Cairnhope village, to the eastern foot of Cairnhope; and, while George rattles them over the hard and frosty road, I will tell the reader something about this young gentleman, who holds the winning cards.

Mr. Frederick Coventry was a man of the world. He began life with a good estate, and a large fund accumulated during his minority.

He spent all the money in learning the world at home and abroad; and, when it was all gone, he opened one eye.

But, as a man cannot see very clear with a single orb, he exchanged rouge-et-noir, etc. for the share-market, and, in other respects, lived as fast as ever, till he had mortgaged his estate rather heavily. Then he began to open both eyes.

Next, he fell in love with Grace Carden; and upon that he opened both eyes very wide, and wished very much he had his time to live over again.

Nevertheless, he was not much to be pitied. He had still an estate, which, with due care, could pay off its encumbrances; and he had gathered some valuable knowledge. He knew women better than most men, and he knew whist profoundly. Above all, he had acquired what Voltaire justly calls "*le grand art de plaire*;" he had studied this art, as many women study it, and few men. Why, he even watched the countenance, and smoothed the rising bristles of those he wished to please, or did not wish to displease. This was the easier to him that he had no strong convictions on any great topic. It is your plaguey convictions that make men stubborn and disagreeable.

A character of this kind is very susceptible, either of good or evil influences; and his attachment to Grace Carden was turning him the right way.

Add to this a good figure and a distinguished air, and you have some superficial idea of the gentleman, towards whom Grace Carden found herself drawn by circumstances, and not unwillingly, though not with that sacred joy and thrill which marks a genuine passion.

They left George and the trap at the "Colley Dog," and ascended the mountain. There were no serious difficulties on this side; but still there were little occasional asperities, that gave the lover an opportunity to offer his arm; and Mr. Coventry threw a graceful devotion even into this slight act of homage. He wooed her with perfect moderation at first; it was not his business to alarm her at starting; he proceeded gradually; and, by the time they had reached the summit, he had felt his way, and had every reason to hope she would accept him.

At the summit the remarkable beauty of the view threw her into raptures, and interrupted the more interesting topic on which he was bent.

But the man of the world showed no impatience (I don't say he felt none); he answered all Grace's questions, and told her what all the places were.

But, by-and-by, the atmosphere thickened suddenly in that quarter, and he then told her gently he had something to show her on the other side the nob.

He conducted her to a shed the shepherds had erected, and seated her on a rude bench. "You must be a little tired," he said.

Then he showed her, in the valley, one of those delightful old red brick houses, with white stone facings. "That is Bollinghope."

She looked at it with polite interest.

"Do you like it?"

"Very much. It warms the landscape so."

He expected a more prosaic answer; but he took her cue. "I wish it was a great deal prettier than it is, and its owner a much better man; richer—wiser——"

"You are hard to please, Mr. Coventry."

"Miss Carden—Grace—may I call you Grace?"

"It seems to me you have done it."

"But I had no right."

"Then, of course, you will never do it again."

"I should be very unhappy if I thought that. Miss Carden, I think you know how dear you are to me, and have been ever since I first met you. I wish I had ten times more to offer you than I have. But I am only a poor gentleman, of good descent, but moderate means, as you see." Comedie! (Bollinghope was the sort of house that generally goes with 5,000*l.* a year at least.)

"I don't care about your means, Mr. Coventry," said Grace, with a lofty smile. "It is your amiable character that I esteem."

"You forgive me for loving you; for hoping that you will let me lead you to my poor house there, as my adored wife?"

It had come; and, although she knew it was coming, yet her face was dyed with blushes.

"I esteem you very much," she faltered. "I thank you for the honour you do me; but I—oh, pray, let me think what I am doing." She covered her face with her hands, and her bosom panted visibly.

Mr. Coventry loved her sincerely, and his own heart beat high at this moment. He augured well from her agitation; but presently he saw something that puzzled him, and gave a man of his experience a qualm.

A tear forced its way between her fingers; another, and another, soon followed.

Coventry said to himself, "There's some other man." And he sighed heavily; but even in this moment of true and strong feeling he was on his guard, and said nothing.

It was his wisest course. She was left to herself, and an amazing piece of female logic came to Mr. Coventry's aid. She found herself crying, and got frightened at herself. That, which would have made a man pause, had just the opposite effect on her. She felt that no good could come to anybody of those wild and weak regrets that made her weep. She saw she had a weakness and a folly to cure herself of; and the cure was at hand. There was a magic in marriage; a gentleman could, somehow, *make* a girl love him when once she had married him. Mr. Coventry should be enabled to make her love him; he should cure her of this trick of crying; it would be the best thing for everybody—for *him*, for Jael, for Mr. Coventry, and even for herself.

She dried her eyes, and said, in a low, tremulous voice: "Have you spoken to papa of—of this?"

"No. I waited to be authorised by you. May I speak to him?"

"Yes."

"May I tell him——?"

"Oh, I can't tell you what to tell him. How dark it is getting. Please take me home." Another tear or two.

Then, if Coventry had not loved her sincerely, and also been a man of the world, he would have lost his temper; and if he had lost his temper, he would have lost the lady, for she would have seized the first fair opportunity to quarrel. But no, he took her hand gently, and set himself to comfort her. He poured out his love to her, and promised her a life of wedded happiness. He drew so delightful a picture of their wedded life, and in a voice so winning, that she began to be consoled, and her tears ceased.

"I believe you love me," she murmured; "and I esteem you sincerely."

Mr. Coventry drew a family ring from his pocket. It was a sapphire of uncommon beauty.

"This was my mother's," said he. "Will you do me the honour to wear it, as a pledge?"

But the actual fether startled her, I think. She started up, and said, "Oh, please take me home first! *It is going to snow.*"

Call her slippery, if you don't like her; call her unhappy and wavering, if you do like her.

Mr. Coventry smiled now at this attempt to put off the inevitable, and complied at once.

But, before they had gone a hundred yards, the snow did really fall, and so heavily that the air was darkened.

"We had better go back to the shed till it is over," said Mr. Coventry.

"Do you think so?" said Grace, doubtfully. "Well."

And they went back.

But the snow did not abate, and the air got darker. So, by-and-by, Grace suggested that Mr. Coventry should run down the hill, and send George up to her with an umbrella.

"What, and leave you alone?" said he.

"Well, then, we had better go together."

They started together.

By this time the whole ground was covered about three inches deep; not enough to impede their progress; but it had the unfortunate effect of effacing the distinct features of the ground; and, as the declining sun could no longer struggle successfully through the atmosphere, which was half air, half snow, they were almost in darkness, and soon lost their way. They kept slanting unconsciously to the left, till they got over one of the forks of the mountain and into a ravine: they managed to get out of that, and continued to descend; for the great thing they had to do was to reach the valley, no matter where.

But, after a long, laborious, and even dangerous descent, they found themselves beginning to ascend. Another mountain or hill barred their progress. Then they knew they must be all wrong, and began to feel rather anxious. They wished they had stayed up on the hill.

They consulted together, and agreed to go on for the present; it might be only a small rise in the ground.

And so it proved. After a while they found themselves descending again.

But now the path was full of pitfalls, hidden by the snow and the darkness.

Mr. Coventry insisted on going first.

In this order they moved cautiously on, often stumbling.

Suddenly Mr. Coventry disappeared with a sudden plunge, and rolled down a ravine, with a loud cry.

Grace stood transfixed with terror.

Then she called to him.

There was no answer.

She called again.

A faint voice replied that he was not much hurt, and would try to get back to her.

This, however, was impossible, and all he could do was to scramble along the bottom of the ravine.

Grace kept on the high ground, and they called to each other every moment. They seemed to be a long way from each other; yet they were never sixty yards apart. At last the descent moderated, and Grace rejoined him.

Then they kept in the hollow for some time, but at last found another acclivity to mount: they toiled up it, laden with snow, yet perspiring profusely with the exertion of toiling uphill through heather clogged with heavy snow.

They reached the summit, and began to descend again. But now their hearts began to quake. Men had been lost on Cairnhope before to-day, and never found alive: and they were lost on Cairnhope; buried in the sinuosities of the mountain, and in a tremendous snow-storm.

They wandered and staggered, sick at heart; since each step might be for the worse.

They wandered and staggered, miserably; and the man began to sigh, and the woman to cry.

At last they were so exhausted, they sat down in despair: and, in a few minutes, they were a couple of snow-heaps.

Mr. Coventry was the first to see all the danger they ran by this course.

"For God's sake, let us go on!" he said; "if we once get benumbed, we are lost. We *must* keep moving, till help comes to us."

Then they staggered, and stumbled on again, till they both sank into a deep snow-drift.

They extricated themselves, but, oh, when they felt that deep cold snow all round them, it was a foretaste of the grave.

The sun had set, it was bitterly cold, and still the enormous flakes fell, and doubled the darkness of the night.

They staggered and stumbled on, not now with any hope of extricating themselves from the fatal mountain, but merely to keep the blood alive in their veins. And, when they were exhausted, they sat down, and soon were heaps of snow.

While they sat thus, side by side, thinking no more of love, or any other thing but this: should they ever see the sun rise, or sit by a fire-side again? suddenly they heard a sound in the air behind them, and, in a moment, what seemed a pack of hounds in full cry, passed close over their heads.

They uttered a loud cry.

"We are saved!" cried Grace. "Mr. Raby is hunting us with his dogs. That was the echo."

Coventry groaned. "What scent would lie?" said he. "Those hounds were in the air; a hundred strong."

Neither spoke for a moment, and then it was Grace who broke the terrible silence.

"THE GABRIEL HOUNDS!"

"The Gabriel hounds; that run before calamity! Mr. Coventry, there's nothing to be done now, but to make our peace with God. For you are a dead man, and I'm a dead woman. My poor papa! poor Mr. Little!"

She kneeled down on the snow, and prayed patiently, and prepared to deliver up her innocent soul to Him who gave it.

Not so her companion. He writhed away from death. He groaned, he sighed, he cursed, he complained. What was Raby thinking of, to let them perish?

Presently he shouted out,—“I'll not die this dog's death, I will not. I'll save myself, and come back for you.”

The girl prayed on, and never heeded him.

But he was already on his feet, and set off to run: and he actually did go blundering on, for a furlong and more, and fell into a mountain-stream, swollen by floods, which whirled him along with it, like a feather. It was not deep enough to drown him by submersion, but it rolled him over and over again, and knocked him against rocks and stones, and would infallibly have destroyed him, but that a sudden sharp turn in the current drove him, at last, against a projecting tree, which he clutched, and drew himself out with infinite difficulty. But, when he tried to walk, his limbs gave way; and he sank, fainting, on the ground, and the remorseless snow soon covered his prostrate body.

All this time, Grace Carden was kneeling on the snow, and was, literally, a heap of snow. She was patient and composed now, and felt a gentle sleep stealing over.

That sleep would have been her death.

But, all of a sudden, something heavy touched her clothes, and startled her, and two dark objects passed her.

They were animals.

In a moment it darted through her mind that animals are wiser than man in some things. She got up with difficulty, for her limbs were stiffened, and followed them.

The dark forms struggled on before. They knew the ground, and soon took her to the edge of that very stream into which Coventry had fallen.

They all three went within a yard of Mr. Coventry, and still they pursued their way; and Grace hoped they were making for some shelter. She now called aloud to Mr. Coventry, thinking he must be on before her. But he had not recovered his senses.

Unfortunately, the cry startled the sheep, and they made a rush, and she could not keep up with them: she toiled, she called, she prayed

for strength ; but they left her behind, and she could see their very forms no more. Then she cried out in agony, and still, with that power of self-excitement, which her sex possess in an eminent degree, she struggled on and on, beyond her strength, till, at last, she fell down from sheer exhaustion, and the snow fell fast upon her body.

But, even as she lay, she heard a tinkling. She took it for sheep-bells, and started up once more, and once more cried to Mr. Coventry ; and this time he heard her, and shook off his deadly lethargy, and tried to hobble towards her voice.

Meantime, Grace struggled towards the sound, and lo, a light was before her, a light gleaming red and dullish in the laden atmosphere. With her remnant of life and strength, she dashed at it, and found a wall in her way. She got over it somehow, and saw the light quite close, and heard the ringing of steel on steel.

She cried out for help, for she felt herself failing. She tottered along the wall of the building, searching for a door. She found the porch. She found the church door. But by this time she was quite spent ; her senses reeled ; her cry was a moan.

She knocked once with her hands. She tried to knock again ; but the door flew suddenly open, and, in the vain endeavour to knock again, her helpless body, like a pillar of snow, fell forward ; but Henry Little caught her directly, and then she clutched him feebly, by mere instinct.

He uttered a cry of love and alarm. She opened her filmy eyes, and stared at him. Her cold neck and white cheek rested on his bare and glowing arm.

The moment he saw it was really Grace Carden that had fallen inanimate into his arms, Henry Little uttered a loud cry of love and terror, and, putting his other sinewy arm under her, carried her swiftly off to his fires, uttering little moans of fear and pity as he went ; he laid her down by the fire, and darted to the forge, and blew it to a white heat ; and then darted back to her, and kissed her cold hands with pretty moans of love ; and then blew up the other fires ; and then back to her, and patted her hands, and kissed them with all his soul, and drew them to his bosom to warm them ; and drew her head to his heart to warm her ; and all with pretty moans of love, and fear, and pity ; and the tears rained out of his eyes at sight of her helpless condition, and the tears fell upon her brow and her hands : and all this vitality and love soon electrified her ; she opened her eyes, and smiled faintly, but such a smile, and murmured, " It's you," and closed her eyes again.

Then he panted out, " Yes, it is I,—a friend. I won't hurt you,—I won't tell you how I love you any more,—only live ! Don't give way. You shall marry who you like. You shall never be thwarted, nor worried, nor made love to again ; only be brave and live ; don't rob the world of the only angel that is in it. Have mercy, and live ! I'll never ask more

of you than that. Oh, how pale ! I am frightened. Cursed fires, have you no warmth in you ?" And he was at the bellows again. And the next moment back to her, imploring her, and sighing over her, and saying the wildest, sweetest, drollest things, such as only those who love can say, in moments when hearts are bursting.

How now ? Her cheek that was so white is pink—pinker—red—scarlet. She is blushing.

She had closed her eyes at Love's cries. Perhaps she was not altogether unwilling to hear that divine music of the heart, so long as she was not bound to reply and remonstrate,—being insensible.

But now she speaks, faintly, but clearly, "Don't be frightened. I promise not to die. Pray don't cry so." Then she put out her hand to him, and turned her head away, and cried herself, gently, but plentifully.

Henry, kneeling by her, clasped the hand she lent him with both his, and drew it to his panting heart in ecstasy.

Grace's cheeks were rosy red.

They remained so a little while in silence.

Henry's heart was too full of beatitude to speak. He drew her a little nearer to the glowing fires, to revive her quite ; but still kneeled by her, and clasped her hand to his heart. She felt it beat, and turned her blushing brow away, but made no resistance : she was too weak.

"Hallo !" cried a new voice, that jarred with the whole scene ; and Mr. Coventry hobbled in sight. He gazed in utter amazement on the picture before him.

A Buccaneier.

RAVENEAU DE LUSSAN was a young Parisian of good family and insatiable appetite for stirring adventure, who went early to the wars. But the peace of Nimeguen putting a period to the fascinating perils of soldiership, he determined to become a traveller. Somewhere about his twenty-first year, then, early in March, 1679, he sailed for St. Domingo. He reached that island in due course, and equally in due course found himself subjected to the usual fate of those simple youths who ventured on the West India voyage 200 years ago without adequate precautions—slavery. "I continued more than three years in that country," he says; "chiefly because I could not get out of it, being chained to one who deserved to be called a Turk rather than a Frenchman. Christian charity forbids me to mention his name; but, if ever he come in my way, he may expect just as much mercy from me as I experienced from him. Weary at last of his cruelties, I made my complaint to Monsieur de Franquesnay, the King's lieutenant, and that gentleman generously took me into his house, where I abode six whole months. I had borrowed money in the meantime, and thought it the part of an honest man to repay it. But not having the wherewithal, I bethought myself of borrowing from the Spaniards as much money as I wanted—the more especially as this method of raising funds is attended with one great advantage—nobody is under the obligation of repaying." Accordingly he procured the necessary tools, and being a likely youth—pretty well provided with muscles and daring, and having had most of his scruples and squeamishness thrashed out of him during his bondage—he was readily admitted of the buccaniering brotherhood; launching on his first cruise, with 120 good fellows, November 22, 1684.

The next three months was spent in wandering about the West Indian seas, but with very little profit. Thirty years of ceaseless depredation had driven the Spanish settlers of these shores into two or three strong towns, and reduced their trade to a minimum; and, worse still, compelled that little traffic to be carried on in vessels far too powerfully armed to be mastered in the old rough-and-ready buccaniering style. Growing weary of this, De Lussan and his comrades determined to cross the isthmus and try their fortune on the Pacific—a course that had by this time become very popular with their tribe. They anchored, therefore, February 25, 1685, at the Golden Island near the mouth of the Atrato, the usual resort of rovers bent on these excursions. There they learnt to their gratification that the buccaniers were mustering very strong just then in the neighbourhood of Panama. On the 27th two other pirate ships entered the anchorage, and the whole of the crew of the one and the greater portion of that of the

other, volunteered to join them in their projected expedition. Nor were they long in preparation. They were little troubled with baggage; while as to their ships, those who preferred the Caribbean Seas selected the best and burnt the others. This done, they despatched a native to apprise their predecessors of their coming, and departed on Sunday morning, March the 1st, being 264 Frenchmen in all, accompanied by forty Indians as guides.

First of all, however, they knelt devoutly on the sands, and recommended themselves and their enterprise to the protection of the Deity: a proceeding by no means unusual among them, nor even out of character. For, though the buccaniers were not exactly models of Christian perfection, they were far from being the irreligious rascals that most people are disposed to consider them. The English rovers, for instance, were generally strict observers of the Sabbath. Nor were our predatory countrymen without that distinctive token of earnest religious conviction, a slight leaven of intolerance. They showed themselves sad iconoclasts whenever they found an opportunity, and never omitted a fair chance of knocking a friar on the head. And the French freebooters were even more intensely sanctimonious in their own way. Whenever they captured a town, their very first proceeding, after securing the plunder and the prisoners, was to chant a *Te Deum*. And as often as they set a place on fire—their usual custom ere retreating—they took much pains to remove the saintly pictures and images out of harm's way.

Our amiable young friend and his pious companions set out precisely as the rainy season set in. Their route lay over the precipices, and through the tropical forests of that singularly rugged isthmus. And every man among them was tolerably laden; carrying his arms—musket, sword, and pistols—an axe, sundry knicknacks for Indian traffic; and six or seven doughboys (flat cakes) by way of provision. The journey, therefore, was a toilsome one; so toilsome, indeed, that the passage of a valley wherein they had to wade only forty-four times across the same torrent, was regarded as a relaxation. Their small stock of food was soon exhausted, and their trade with the natives went no great way towards supplying them with more. Nor could they venture to do much hunting, since they were liable at any moment to stumble on a Spanish ambuscade. So on they went, then, with hunger added to their other hardships. By the seventh day they had reached the crest of the Cordillera, and the worse half of the journey was *before* them. Vessels wherein to make their *debut* on the South Seas were indispensable; and, considering their scanty band, these had to be prepared where they stood, or not at all. They spent the remainder of March, therefore, in shaping canoes out of single trees. On the 1st of April they launched fourteen, carrying twenty men apiece, on a branch of the Santa Maria, a river whose outlet forms the eastern limit of the Bay of Panama, and began their passage downwards. For the first ten days, a terrible passage it proved. Every hundred yards or so, something or other—shoal, rapid, cascade, or accumulation of

drift-wood—was sure to interrupt the navigation. And at every one of these places the heavy canoes had to be dragged through the forest, past the obstacle, and this under a pelting rain, by the half-famished adventurers. Death, accordingly, began to be very busy among them. But this was not altogether an unmitigated evil in the eyes of the survivors. For when a party happened to lose their weapons by the upsetting of their canoe, "God was pleased," writes De Lussan, "to provide a speedy remedy for this great trouble—disposing of some among us, who left their arms to those who had lost their own." On the 11th they reached the tide-way, where the heart-breaking work of the passage ceased; and on the 12th they entered the Pacific, and, to "their great comfort," met a party which their predecessors had despatched thither with a plentiful supply of food.

April the 21st the whole body of freebooters in these quarters assembled at the King's Island, in the Bay of Panama; and a tolerable show they made—numbering 960 men in all, distributed among ten ships. The latter, indeed, were of little account. Two only were European, and fitted, therefore, for a long voyage. The rest had been picked up, with their cargoes, along the coast, and were of too slight and slovenly a build to be useful anywhere else. But the men were all hardy pirates, and in a fight fully equal to six times the number of the soft and inexperienced creoles. About 600 were English, and so were the principal leaders, Swan, Davis, and Townley. The first of these, indeed, was only a half-hearted buccanier, whose men had compelled him to change fair-trading for freebooting, and who never took kindly to the profession. But the others were thorough "lads of the knife and pistol," and had at their elbows men of even greater celebrity than themselves, Dampier being then on board one of the vessels, and Basil Ringrose in another. The French, who were the later comers, had but one small bark, commanded by their most noted chief, Captain Grognet, and were therefore distributed, for the most part, among the English crews.

And here we may remark that the "*entente cordiale*," though frequently manifested, was never particularly strong, in the seventeenth century. Frenchman and Englishman often fought shoulder to shoulder, but it was always with much distrust. More than once the Frenchman left the Englishman in the lurch in the midst of a deadly fight; and more than once the Englishman was not ashamed to follow the very bad example. Of course the buccaniers were no better in this respect than their more legal brethren of the sword; and when the scamps of the two nations consorted occasionally to plunder the common victim, it was always with an amount of jealousy and bickering that was sure, sooner or later, to dissolve the partnership. More than the average quantity of this unpleasant material was collected just then in the Bay of Panama. Some of these very Frenchmen had formerly marooned Captain Davis; and Captain Davis, only two years before, had overpowered some of these same Frenchmen, turned them out of their ship, and carried it off himself. Nor were these the only accounts of the kind open between the parties:

But, worse still, the English were never to be restrained from outraging the very sensitive religious feelings of the French by their behaviour towards church and picture ; and when other causes of quarrel happened to be lacking, this always proved a very sufficient one.

The treasure fleet from Lima was on its way to Panama, and the buccaniers were gathered to intercept it. Meanwhile they prowled day and night along the coast ; making small raids in all quarters for intelligence and plunder. As to the last item, however, they were seldom very successful. For the creoles maintained strict watch, kept their valuables carefully concealed, and were always ready to retreat in good time when they happened to fall short of their ideal of fighting equality—about ten to one. In the intervals of this amusement the pirates delighted to speculate on the coming battle, and, of course, victory. How the armada was to approach, where it was to be assailed, and who were to board the particular vessels, all was minutely arranged—an oath even was administered, pledging every man to the strictest honesty with regard to the plunder. But exceedingly elaborate plans, as a rule, are sure to come to nothing ; and this one proved no exception. While the freebooters made up their minds that the Spanish fleet *must* enter Panama by the south side of the King's Island, and cruised very carefully up and down this particular channel, the expected prey got in by another, so quietly that, though assured of the fact by prisoner after prisoner, they could not believe it, until it came out again to fight them on the 7th of June.

The Spaniards numbered between three and four thousand men, and in ships they had no less the advantage. Six of their vessels carried from fifty to eighteen guns, and the remainder—eight barks and thirteen or fourteen large boats—were crowded with musqueteers. But, justly confident in their hardihood and skill, the rovers advanced with alacrity. This, however, was not destined to be one of the many fights which stupid Spanish pride has taken such exquisite pains—to lose. All the freebooters except Grognet had—that great advantage in old-fashioned sea-fights—the weather-gage, and it was clearly their interest to engage at once. But the half-hearted vice-admiral, Swan, availing himself of the excuse offered by Grognet's position, hung back, and the fight was put off for that day. When night fell the Spanish admiral sent a boat with a light some miles to leeward, and while his antagonists based their manœuvres upon the decoy, he stole away unnoticed to windward. So when morning dawned the freebooters found, to their great astonishment, that the relative position of the fleets was exactly reversed. They could no longer fight or forbear as it suited them ; all that now depended on the Spanish admiral, and he resolved to engage. About an hour after sunrise on the 8th the fight began, and a very one-sided affair it proved. The Spaniards made the very best use of their advantage, kept comfortably out of musket-range, and mauled their opponents terribly with their cannon, receiving little or no damage in return. But somehow or other, though their vessels were almost torn to pieces, the pirates themselves received little

injury—four or five killed and nine wounded forming the sum of their casualties. Nor did they show any lack of courage or skill—so far as skill could avail—during the whole of this dispiriting engagement. It ceased with the day, nor was it again renewed. The adventurers had no great liking for battles like this—and their enemies were not just the men to overdo a piece of fighting. But before it terminated the bark in which De Lussan fought was compelled to put before the wind perfectly riddled with cannon-balls. One of the Spanish frigates turned in pursuit, but the pirates looked so dangerous as she ranged up that she went about without attempting anything. Next morning both fleets were out of sight, and the damaged vessel being in great danger drove slowly for the Island of Quibo, 270 miles off to the north-west. Few on board had any hope of reaching shore again, for they had already five feet of water in the hold. But, fortunately for them, the wind continued light and favourable for the next week, and early on the morning of the 14th they ran ashore at Quibo, quite worn out with baling.

There the rest of the fleet joined them on the 21st, being, especially the English, in no very pleasant temper. The islanders scrupled not to charge Captain Grognet with cowardice, and not a few of them were quite prepared to punish him according to rover's law. His countrymen of course supported the delinquent—and the quarrel ran high for a day or two. There was plenty of brawl, bluster, and recrimination, but as no blows were struck, the breach was patched over for the present. The *entente cordiale*, however, had received an irreparable injury, and this was soon apparent. With the view of procuring provisions, they threw a heavy force ashore near Puebla Nuevo on the 29th. But by this time all the Spanish settlements, from Chili to California, were thoroughly on their guard. Non-combatants and goods were everywhere removed out of reach. Beacons, too, were reared and sentinels posted on the heights, and the coast beneath thickly garnished with breastworks, behind which every man capable of bearing arms was marshalled on the first alarm. The buccaniers carried the town without difficulty, but they found not so much as an ear of maize within it; and this second disappointment revived and embittered the feud to such a pitch that the French, to the number of 390 men, seceded and encamped by themselves on the island.

De Lussan and his comrades were now in no very pleasant predicament. Their bread was exhausted, and they dared not waste their scanty stock of powder on the numerous deer and monkeys that ran about. They were driven, therefore, to search the beach for shell-fish and the woods for fruit; both precarious resources, and the latter a dangerous one, for they lost several men thus poisoned. At this juncture a strange English captain made his appearance with a cargo of flour which he had picked up along the coast. This, of course, he reserved for his countrymen; and the result was that thirty of the French and one of their captains, unable to endure their privations in the face of such a temptation, deserted and joined the British. The others, how-

ever, remained firm, and on the 9th of August—the English having departed some days before—120 of them set off in five canoes for a raid on the mainland. Here they surprised several farms, taking a number of prisoners, two barks, and a quantity of provisions. Ransoming the prisoners, they bore away for Quibo with the booty, and reached that island on the 8rd of September.

After two or three more of these petty excursions, and being now provided with craft capable of a longer voyage, they set off to plunder Realejo, a port about fourteen miles from Lake Leon, in Guatemala. On the way they encountered a storm that put them for some hours in jeopardy. "But," says De Lussan, in true buccaniering phrase, "the weather, as God would have it, proving fair again, we spent the 19th in setting our vessels in order, and in mending our sails with our shirts and drawers, wherewith we were already but indifferently provided." On reaching Realejo they found that city and the neighbouring hamlets deserted. The English had been beforehand with them, and as the freebooters found them, and afterwards to their cost, the places they captured were invariably excommunicated by the Spanish prelates, and thenceforth given over to desolation. An important city indeed might be rebuilt, but always on a new site, as was the case with Panama itself, which now stands three miles farther west than it stood in the days of Morgan. But petty hamlets underwent no such resurrection. Their walls were abandoned hopelessly to the vegetation of the tropics, which has by this time reduced most of them to mere traveller's puzzles. De Lussan and his comrades spent some weeks in this quarter, hunting the woods and savannahs in all directions, but picking up little, except a few stragglers of little value, and finding themselves too closely watched by bodies of horse to venture far inland. After a good deal of this profitless prowling, and one or two sharp skirmishes, the provisions began to run short. So releasing thirty prisoners, they bore away southward on the 24th of November, having the annoyance to see beacon after beacon flare up as they swept by, until as far as the eye could reach the shore was girt with a line of fire. They husbanded their stores to the utmost—they dismissed prisoner after prisoner—and they landed repeatedly. But the Spaniards were far too alert, and famine came down in spite of them. On the 9th of December they landed fifty men, and managed for once to surprise the sentinels. But the country was too thoroughly alarmed for that to avail them anything, and so "they were forced to kill and eat the sentinels' horses, after four days of strict abstinence. And this sort of fasting," adds de Lussan pathetically, "was not the first that we had to put up with, and did not prove to be the last neither." On the 10th they landed at a plantation of bananas and helped themselves to the fruit without stint. On the 22nd, "having no victuals to eat," they threw sixty men ashore to seek some. And these found some few handfuls of maize, 600 men entrenched to the teeth in a little town a league and a half from the beach, to oppose their advance, and 400 horsemen manœuvring to intercept their retreat.

This, however, they effected, after fighting every inch of the way. As nothing further could be done in these parts, they re-embarked and bore away for Quibo, which they reached on New Year's Day, 1686.

On the 5th of January 230 of them departed for a raid on Cheriquita, some eighty or ninety miles off. They landed, undiscovered, at the mouth of the river whereon the place is built, at midnight on the 6th, and marched till dawn through the woods. All that day they kept under cover, and started again at nightfall. But they found on the 8th that they had taken the wrong side of the stream, and thus thrown away all their labour—not a pleasant thing, considering that they had tasted nothing since they left the boats, and could expect nothing until they took the town. Retracing their steps they crossed the river, near its mouth, the same day, and soon traversed the three leagues that lay between them and Cheriquita. "The scenery hereabouts," observes De Lussan, "would have been delightful if we had not been so awfully hungry." They managed to surprise the town and all its people without the slightest trouble. Though perfectly aware of their danger, the Cheriquitanese had been squabbling for the last three days—like the couple in the old Scotch song—about whose duty it was "to bar the door;" and the door, therefore, remained conveniently open until the pirates marched in and settled the dispute. At this place De Lussan ran one of his greatest risks. The day after the capture, himself and four companions were decoyed into an ambuscade, and beset by a multitude of Spaniards. Standing back to back they faced their enemies on all sides, and fired with great effect. Numerous as they were the Spaniards never once attempted to charge, but kept shooting at the buccaniers from a "foolish distance." They were very bad marksmen as it happened. Still they managed, after pegging away for the better part of an hour, to kill two of the party and disable a third. The survivors then raised their voices in a farewell halloo, and prepared to go through the last dread scene like buccaniers—fighting to the latest gasp. "But," says De Lussan, "God was pleased that some of our men, who, up to this, had supposed us to be firing at a mark, should hear our shout," and these, running up at the critical moment, alarmed the Spaniards, who took to their heels, leaving thirty dead behind them. Next day the corsairs fired Cheriquita, and marched off with their prisoners, beating up an ambuscade by the way. They delayed for the next four days on a neighbouring island for the ransom. This they received on the 16th, and returned to Quibo. Here they were attacked on the 27th by a fleet sent from Panama expressly to destroy them. But as they were all snug ashore, whither their assailants did not care to follow them, the latter wreaked their fury on the solitary ship, riddling it first with cannon-shot, and then burning it to the water's edge. This done, they drew off, having taken no life but that of a cat, and inflicted not the slightest damage on the rovers, since the ship had become utterly useless to them for want of sails.

The next two months was employed in building canoes. These

completed, they set out on the 4th of March for Granada on the Lake of Nicaragua, and caught a Tartar by the way. A Spanish frigate, which they attacked at Puebla Nuevo about the 6th, beat them off after a fierce fight, in which they had four killed and no less than thirty-three wounded. On the 9th, "having nothing at all to eat," they went ashore at a town ten leagues to the east of Cheriquita. The place, however, had been ransacked and deserted by its inhabitants before their arrival; and as they returned rather downcast to their canoes on the 11th, they found, "in order to strengthen them under the languishment to which hunger had reduced them, a regale in the shape of an ambuscade of 500 men spread before them," and had to fight their way through with the loss of two killed. Making three or four more descents as they passed along, sometimes to hunt and sometimes to pillage, but always with poor success in the latter particular, they reached the vicinity of Granada on the 22nd, and went ashore on an island to make their last arrangements. This done, they started at once and rowed all night. Next morning they fell in with Captain Townley and 115 Englishmen—one of the three bands into which the freebooters of that nation had by this time broken up. As for the rest, Captain Swan had sailed with one for the East Indies; and Captain Davis had led the other south to Peru. Mutual disappointment had by this time toned down the national rivalry. Besides, neither party felt sufficiently strong to effect anything of consequence alone, so they coalesced at once with considerable heartiness. And from this time forward De Lussan's story becomes more stirring. The enterprises in which he shares drop their paltriness and assume a broad and daring character, ceasing to be mere henroost robberies, and becoming good hearty raids after the old Norse type—prolific of stubborn fighting, and in the end of any quantity of plunder.

They landed to the number of 845 on the 7th of April, marched upon Granada, finding little or nothing edible by the way, and reached the town on the 10th, to discover—that nothing was left therein except a strong garrison. Nevertheless, they attacked and carried the place after some fighting, losing four killed and eight wounded; but gained nothing by the exploit, except a number of captives and a seasonable supply of ammunition. They hovered about the neighbourhood, making various descents for provisions, until the 7th of May. On that day they came to an arrangement with their wounded, of whom there remained but ten. Four of these, who were crippled for life, received 1,000 pieces of eight a man; and each of the others, whose hurts were of less consequence, 600. This distribution completely cleared out their treasury; so that their whole gain, since they entered the South Seas rather better than a year before, amounted to 7,600 pieces of eight: considerably less than the men lost in winning it would have realized had they been brought to the hammer in the white slave-markets of St. Domingo or Jamaica.

Disappointed at the bald result of so many hardships and perils, the company broke up on the 12th—184 of the Frenchmen going northward

under Captain Grognet, and 184 more, including De Lussan, accompanying Captain Townley and his Englishmen towards Panama. This party met with ugly weather—several squalls, some heavy gales, and one or two good specimens of the tropic hurricane—as they stood along the well-known coast, but they weathered all gallantly. Nor did they dawdle away their time at Quibo on this, as on so many former occasions. Pausing just long enough to take in wood and water, and not a moment longer, they steered south-west to their next goal, La Villa, 100 miles from Panama. Reaching the neighbourhood by midnight of the 21st, 160 of them landed at once and marched on the town. This they gained early next morning, and, thanks to their speed, they surprised the whole community in the church and much of its wealth unremoved—800 prisoners, 15,000 pieces of eight, in silver, and goods to the value of a million and a half more falling into their hands. Even greater treasure was thought to have been concealed. But De Lussan complains that “the rascal Spaniards” preferred to be tortured to death rather than reveal the hiding-places. There were two barks, also, lying in the river, but these had been dismantled and the rigging secreted. Selecting the choicest of the prisoners and the best of the goods, the buccaniers fired the town and departed. The heavier plunder they heaped in the only two canoes they could find thereabouts, and told off nine men to conduct them down the river. All went well so long as they marched beside the stream, but a stretch of marsh and thicket soon interrupted that arrangement; and while they made a circuit to clear the impediment, a large body of Spaniards took the opportunity to assail the canoes. The men in charge made a stout defence, but in the heat of the fray they neglected the navigation and drifted ashore. There a close volley killed four of them and severely wounded a fifth—the survivors taking to the water and barely escaping. The Spaniards carried off the plunder and the wounded man, smashed the canoes, and, by way of wind-up, decapitated the dead and stuck their heads conspicuously on four poles. The main body of the pirates, alarmed by the firing, pushed on towards the river, but before they could reach it they were joined by the fugitives and apprised that all was over. Having stumbled, however, on the rigging of the barks, they determined to carry off these vessels as some small compensation for their loss. And as the rising tide compelled them to defer that operation for another day, they took advantage of the delay to pay a visit to the scene of the catastrophe. The sight that met them there excited them to characteristic vengeance. Removing the heads of their comrades they slew four of their prisoners and stuck theirs up instead. They then dropped down the river, fighting their way to its mouth through several ambuscades, and losing three more men slain. Here they lay for a week awaiting the release of the wounded rover, and the ransom of the captives. But a hitch took place in the negotiations, and the pirates, to show that they at least were in earnest, cut off two heads and despatched them to the authorities as a slight sample of what mischief their parsimony might produce. This had the desired effect, and on the 10th of July they received

their comrade, a store of provisions, and 11,000 pieces of eight, including compensation for the arms that they, the buccaniers, had lost in the expedition ! A few days after they found themselves in great need of water. But as 4,000 horsemen tracked them along the shore they sailed for the neighbouring islands. There, however, the water proved undrinkable ; and they had no alternative but to land on the continent, which they did in the teeth of the foe, filling their casks after a stubborn conflict.

They cruised about the Bay of Panama during the whole of July—making various incursions, sundry captures, and two narrow escapes from destruction. The governor of Panama caused a sham ship to be built on the sands near the city, constructed several earthworks in its neighbourhood, and employed an adroit scoundrel to throw himself in the way of the freebooters. This fellow discharged his mission to admiration. Being caught on one of the islands after a smart chase, he kept his lips firmly closed to that gentle persuasive—much in vogue among the buccaniers—suspension by the thumbs with a weight at his heels. But perceiving that his captors had gathered a quantity of spines from the prickly palm, and were wrapping them in cotton dipped in oil, with the view of planting them in his flesh and setting them on fire—another practice dear to the advocates of “no peace beyond the line”—he deemed it time to recover his speech, and he told his inquisitors so much that they knew to be true, that they credited him very readily concerning more of which they were ignorant. Among other enticing things he admitted that there was a frigate richly laden in the port, and that, under his guidance, it was very possible to cut it out. The pirates caught eagerly at the idea and determined to realize it. Bringing their vessels to the Island of Tobago, about twenty miles from Panama, they anchored them behind a convenient headland, and set off in their canoes. By moonlight on the 1st of August they reached the harbour, and seeing what seemed to be a vessel ready to slip from its moorings in a neighbouring cove, they prepared for a rush that would certainly have fixed them high and dry aground in the midst of an ambuscade. But just then a bark glided out among them and was taken. This was fatal to the governor's plan, and not less so to his spy, who, being recognized and denounced by the crew of the prize, was instantly shot and thrown overboard.

The governor next attempted to destroy the ships while a majority of the crews was absent raiding to the south. But, by a special interposition of Providence, as De Lussan puts it, the cruisers rejoined their vessels before the plan was fully developed. The attack took place on the 21st of August, and almost caught them at anchor. The point of land behind which they sheltered, concealed the approach of three Spanish ships until the foremost was upon them. But slipping from their anchors under a heavy fire, the rovers gained the weather-gage by a desperate manœuvre, that smacks all over of the English seaman. They ran, one after another, ship, barks, and canoes, between two rocks where there was barely room to pass, and where, indeed, until they had cleared it,

they could not be sure that a passage existed. The battle lasted some hours, and a right good give-and-take affair it proved, wherein it was hard to say who had the advantage. About noon, however, a volley of grenades exploded a quantity of powder in the principal Spanish ship, blowing up many of the crew and setting the vessel itself on fire, and the pirates boarded and carried it in the confusion. A second Spanish ship surrendered immediately after. And the third, seeing the battle lost, attempted to escape, but being closely pursued, ran ashore and went to pieces. The loss of the conquerors was trifling, but the enemy had most of their officers and the greater part of their men destroyed. And the rovers were all the better pleased when they found that the larger vessel was the very one that had handled them so roughly at Puebla Nuevo. While they were examining the prizes two more sail appeared bearing down upon them. Raising the Spanish banner above their own, the buccaniers loaded their guns to the muzzle and awaited the result. Ranging alongside without suspicion, one of the new comers was sunk with a broadside and the other captured. While rummaging this last prize, the victors found four packages of halts intended for themselves stowed away in a corner; and fierce as they were from the action, they brought them instantly and mercilessly into requisition, hanging every man they found on board.

The freebooters had but one man killed in this fight, but there were twenty of them wounded, and nearly every one of the latter, including Captain Townley, died. For the Spaniards, it appears, had adopted a device very common with degenerate races, and poisoned their projectiles. This did not tend to soften the temper of the conquerors; and after some tedious parleying they decapitated twenty of the prisoners and sent their heads to the governor. Nor would they have scrupled to present him with all the unfortunates by similar hideous instalments, had he not instantly come to terms; releasing five buccaniers captured at various times, supplying medicines and stores, and paying down 10,000 pieces of eight.

De Lussan and his comrades remained in the Bay of Panama for the next three months, harassing the country in all directions; seizing everything that put to sea, and making no end of prisoners. In the beginning of November they started northward for another cruise of the old stamp. But raiding had now a greater danger before it than mere skirmish or ambuscade. The creoles, improving in ferocity as well as the buccaniers, adopted the ugly stratagem of firing the woods and prairies to windward, and more than once made a close approximation towards roasting their tormentors alive. Slowly and fiercely the latter edged away to the north, impressing their mark in characters of fire wherever they set foot. They devastated; they captured by wholesale, to ransom when they required money or food; to torture cruelly when they needed intelligence; and to degrade or massacre according to the appetite that happened to be in the ascendant. On the 30th of January, 1687, they met their old captain,

Grogniet, and sixty of his men: the remainder had gone off to California. Three days after they took Nicoya, and as the citizens refused to ransom the place, burnt it to the ground: "showing ourselves very exact, however," writes De Lussan, "in the preservation of the churches, into which we carried the images of the saints which we found in the various houses, that they might not be exposed to the rage of the English, who were not over pleased at this kind of precaution, they being men who took more satisfaction and pleasure in burning our churches than in destroying all the other houses in America."

Having perpetrated all the mischief they could in this quarter, they made up their minds to steer for Guayaquil. But disagreeing about the arrangements, they separated once more; Captain Grogniet's band and ninety-two Englishmen going together in a ship lately taken, and 168 Frenchmen, including De Lussan, remaining in their own two vessels. There was now a trial of speed as to which party should reach Guayaquil first. De Lussan started on February 24: on March 8 they crossed the Equator; and on the 18th they sighted their former consort and made up their differences. For the next ten days they steered rather wildly, the weather being too hazy to allow of an observation, and the rovers, therefore, not knowing very well where they were; and being besides in very great straits; for their water was all but exhausted, and their provisions so far spent that they were restricted to a single meal every forty-eight hours. On the 28th, however, a providential shower, as De Lussan takes care to inform us, filled some of their casks, and a few hours later they fell in with an equally providential shoal of fish. The next fortnight was a succession of contrary winds and tantalizing calms. At last, on April 14, they sighted the long-wished-for Cape St. Helena, to the north of the Guayaquil inlet; and the same day they received a small reinforcement of eight Englishmen, who happened to be on board a prize laden with those very acceptable commodities, wine and flour. This handful was a portion of the company that had sailed with Captain Davis, and which had pillaged the Peruvian and Chilian shores with great effect, sharing 5,000 pieces of eight a man, at the end of the cruise. The major part of the band had gone home with their money through the Straits of Magellan. But, as usual, a large number had lost every penny of their plunder at play, for the buccaniers were incorrigible gamblers. And these not choosing to return to Europe in such a plight, were still cruising about the coast under their old commander. The main body, however, was too far off to share in the coming fray.

Leaving their ships in charge of forty or fifty men near Cape Blanco, they took to their canoes on the 15th, and steered, 260 strong, up the bay; having a pull of 120 miles before them. Hiding on the islands during the day, and going up with the tide at night, they managed to reach the neighbourhood of Guayaquil on the 19th undiscovered. For though one party of sentinels had seen them and lighted their beacon, the pirates had killed the men and extinguished the blaze before it was noticed. They concealed

themselves all the 19th on an island at the entrance of Guayaquil river, and resumed their course after dark with the flowing tide, intending to land on the farther and weaker side of the town. But the ebb caught them while they were yet some leagues from the spot and compelled them to go ashore two hours before day. Just then a careless fellow struck a light for his pipe, and this being noticed by a party on the watch, a thundering volley rolled the alarm to the city. Further concealment being impossible, the buccaniers moved sharply forward. But they had not advanced many paces before the clouds broke overhead, and down came a furious tropic shower, that extinguished the matches of the grenadiers, and drove the whole party to shelter themselves and their arms under some neighbouring sheds. This storm blew over by the dawn, and then they advanced again in very good order. First went the forlorn hope of fifty Frenchmen under Captain Picard; then came fifty Englishmen conducted by Captain Hewitt; the main body, 100 strong, under Grognet followed; and finally marched the reserve of forty men commanded by one of the quarter-masters. As for the city, that had been in uproar for the last two hours; lights flashing and guns going off in all directions. Nor were the rovers altogether so silent as they might have been. A dozen drums kept up what would have been a considerable clatter in their ranks, if the roll of these instruments had not been stifled by the songs and yells that usually accompanied a freebooter's charge: for, as the governor of Costa Rica once wrote of them, they invariably "fell briskly on singing and dancing as if they were going to a feast." Nobody among them had the slightest notion of localities. So keeping right on for the spot where the houses were grouped the thickest, they found themselves very unexpectedly brought up by a ditch, a wall five feet high beyond it, and 700 long muskets poked viciously across. And scarcely had they clapped eyes on this pretty obstacle, when out rushed a sheet of flame and a hail of bullets, and down fell a dozen freebooters. Utterly surprised, the others reeled back in very unwonted confusion. Taking the movement for incipient flight, the Spaniards sallied forth amid a very hurricane of "Santiagoes." This was exactly what the buccaniers would have preferred had they been allowed any choice in the matter. And therefore, in somewhat less than five minutes, a small, but not particularly elegant, extract of those heroes, re-entered the fortification with the rovers at their heels. Some of the fugitives sought to defend the neighbouring houses, but the grenades soon disposed of them. The others mixed up with the crowd of non-combatants, or gathered into the numerous stockades. The latter were stormed, one after another, by the indefatigable Brothers of the Coast, who, as the sun went down, found themselves masters of Guayaquil, with the loss of nine killed and eighteen wounded; Grognet, who died shortly after, being among the latter.

The booty was magnificent—fourteen ships, heaps of merchandise, golden ingots, "a great many pearls and precious stones, and a prodigious quantity of plate, besides 600,000 pieces of eight in coin," is De Lussan's

description. By the 24th, "the dead carcasses which, to the number of 900, lay up and down," rendered the place unbearable; and, nailing up the cannon and dismantling the fortifications, the desperadoes removed to the neighbouring island of Puna, with the best of the plunder, and 500 of the choicest prisoners, "including a great many officers, and persons of distinction." There they remained exactly a month, and a delicious season they found it. The Spaniards on the mainland supplied them with necessaries and luxuries in profusion; and their female prisoners, at least, were not backward in amusing them. For, dripping as they were with the blood of their kindred, the buccaniers were only too acceptable to the dames of Guayaquil, and their victory in the bower was just as rapid and complete as it had been on the battle-field. It was not that the creole beauties had exaggerated notions of these men, and fallen in love with them beforehand. Up to the day of the storm, they had been far from dreaming of the pirates, as the Greek damsels dreamt in their day of those antique buccaniers, Theseus, Hercules, and Jason—far from picturing them as heroes, whose presence corresponded with their daring deeds. But on this point we must let De Lussan speak. "The women of the place are very pretty," he writes; "but the lazy padres had actually taught them to believe that we were monsters in shape and appetite, who took especial delight in roasting and eating women and children. Nor is it from hearsay that I know this. The day after we took the town, a young gentlewoman happened to fall into my hands, and as I made her walk before me to the place where we kept our prisoners, she turned round, with tears in her eyes, and exclaimed, 'Oh, sir, for the love of God, don't eat me!' Then I found that the fathers had not only libelled us in this scandalous manner, but had actually given the dear creatures to understand that we were formed for all the world like monkeys—tails included. Ugh! But I can boldly affirm," he continues, "that these ladies formed very different sentiments on this point, before we quitted the island." Here we may remark, by the way, that De Lussan makes no further complaint concerning the sacrilegious doings of the English.

To fair lady and pirate that month on the island was a very carnival. Lute and harp and sweeter voice never ceased to discourse most eloquent music through the long clear tropic nights. And the voluptuous Spanish dances whirled their mazes round and round before the weather-beaten robbers, and the figurantes "made eyes" at them until they must have fancied themselves the tenants of Mohammed's paradise. It was the realization of the ideas which Browne expressed seventy years before in his exquisite Sirens' song.* There was no lack of pairing off either before the month was half out, and De Lussan had his fair share of the good that the inevitable providence had so kindly provided. A charming matron, widowed by the assault, looked upon him with doting eyes, and endeavoured

* "Steer hither—steer your winged pines,
All beaten mariners," &c.

to witch him from his stormy career "to live with her and be her love." Nor was beauty her only spell. She promised him wealth, and she proved that she could procure him rank—if he would only stay; and the youth was much perplexed. What between the perils that threatened before, and the golden bribes and brighter smiles that tempted beside him—it was only by dint of sternest resolution that he brought himself to speak the dreadful "No."

But this voluptuous season was not without its sprinkling of the terrible. As usual the Spaniards delayed and haggled over the ransom; and as usual the pirates resorted to their hideous logic. Causing their male prisoners to throw the dice, they sent ashore the heads of the four who chanced to lose at the game of death. This was decisive; and on the 26th of May, the last payment of 42,000 pieces of eight was made and the prisoners released; but not without much reluctance and considerable altercation—though scarcely of the kind that recent events would lead us to expect. A strong body of pirates, discontented with the ransom—so far short did it fall of their expectations—proposed to murder the captives every one. Fortunately, however, for the latter, the milder tempered cut-throats happened for this once just, and only just, to outvote their more atrocious mates.

During the previous weeks the Spaniards had been gathering forces by sea and land, and 5,000 men were now assembled at Guayaquil, while two heavy ships waited to dispute the passage down the bay. But the buccaniers on their side had been joined by Davis and his crew fresh from a running fight of three days. This affair had lasted so long, not because the Spaniards had fought very desperately—though they were quite powerful enough to have destroyed their antagonists had they possessed either the skill or the courage to use their superiority—but simply because the Englishmen were too drunk for the first two days of the battle to manœuvre as they ought. Attributing this to anything but the right cause, the foe waxed insolent, and on the third morning hung out the blood-red flag—the signal of no quarter, a trick that soon sobered the Englishmen, and set them to work in such good earnest that in another hour the *Catalina* was beaten to matchwood on the neighbouring rocks. With this catastrophe in view the remaining Spanish frigates made no very strenuous opposition to the departure of the rovers. They skirmished with them during the three or four days that they were beating down the bay, but so feebly that they merely wounded of them half-a-dozen men, of whom De Lussan was one. And no sooner had they reached the open sea, where seamanship might be brought into full play, than the Spaniards stole off under cover of the night.

Having repaired damages and taken in wood and water, the buccaniers proceeded on the 11th of June to divide the booty. The coin was distributed first. Then they put up the pearls, gold, and precious stones to auction. And as many—especially the fortunate gamblers—bid eagerly for these because they took up such little room, they were speedily sold and the

purchase-money shared out. "The last," says De Lussan, "I made no account of, but used just for play money during the rest of the cruise." So well, indeed, were the buccaniers satisfied with their prey that in their future descents they looked for nothing but gold and precious stones. Indeed they attached such little value to silver that they thought it not worth their while to take along with them "a great quantity of plate and other things, whereof Guayaquil was full."

Next day Captain Davis sailed for Europe; but their vessels being too small and crazy for a voyage like that, De Lussan and his comrades determined to return overland. They weighed and went northward on the 18th of June, and having made a raid and captured one ship during the passage, they reached St. Michael's Bay, some distance to the north of Realejo, by the 17th of July. Here they met thirty of the men who had separated from Captain Grognet, and determined to go in search of the remainder, whom they judged to be in difficulties on the Californian coast. They took the bare walls of Tehuantepec on the 29th of August, after a smart contest, and hovered in that quarter, making occasional and generally profitless forays, until the 20th of November. Hearing nothing by that time of the party they sought, they turned southward for the last time and steered for Amapalla. This was not a very pleasant run. A storm dispersed them on the 1st of December; nor did they reunite until they reached the rendezvous. During the greater part of the way De Lussan and his comrades were almost famished with thirst. For eighty leagues the sea broke violently over a shoal that extended all that great distance between them and the shore. One of the company, unable to bear his sufferings, swam through the breakers and gained the land, but was drowned as he attempted to return, not twenty yards from his comrades, who could give him no aid. Two days after, their own extremity drove them to encounter a similar peril, and they ran desperately ashore near a small town, through a surf that half filled their bark as it touched the sand; and this, too, under the very eyes of an armed party that had been watching their motions. But the latter thinking that an attack was meditated on the town, hurried off thither, and the pirates filled their water-casks and departed at their leisure. Next day they obtained some food by a raid on a happier beach. And on the 15th they reached the rendezvous, where they found the rest of the band assembled.

From this spot they determined to cross the continent, taking the city of Segovia on the passage, and descending the river Gracias á Dios to the cape of the same name. But requiring further information, a party of eighty was sent ashore on the 18th of December to catch a few prisoners. During this inroad, De Lussan and seventeen others, separating from the main body, made a reckless assault on a town containing 400 whites, besides coloured inhabitants. Thinking them the advanced guard of a much greater force, most of the people fled at their entrance, but still the rovers managed to secure fifty prisoners of both sexes and all ages, and clapping these up in the church, under a very small

guard, they dispersed to plunder. The fugitives, however, seeing no sign of a larger party, returned and attacked the scattered buccaniers, who retreated to the church. The prisoners there seeing the state of affairs, attempted to break out, and then ensued probably the most horrible incident that De Lussan has to record. One-half of the pirates fired fast and furious on the assailants, and the other poured volley after volley into the prisoners. These wretches, after the first rush, could do nothing but huddle together in a helpless mass, while the murderous bullets smote them down, male and female, old and young, until but eight were left. By this the Spaniards on the outside had scattered out of range, and the pirates, appalled for once, and not the less since the catastrophe had befallen in the place which they were accustomed to hold so sacred, mounted in haste, for there was always plenty of horses at hand in these towns, and dashed off with their prisoners, closely pursued by the infuriated creoles. After riding a few miles they did a very unusual thing—released the females—and, coming up shortly after with their comrades, escaped without loss. This was their last raid.

The report of the prisoners was far from favourable. But most of the buccaniers were determined on the march; and to prevent any faltering, they ran their larger vessels aground, on an island, and reserved only their canoes to carry them to the mainland some three or four leagues off. The next day, the 28th, a Spanish frigate hove in sight, and bore down to destroy their shipping. This was a matter of small consequence to them now; but they dared not let the Spaniards think so. Accordingly they made a show of resistance until the last man had left for the mainland on the last night of 1687.

They spent the whole of New Year's Day, 1688, in arranging the order of march, and making the few personal preparations requisite. Their treasure they placed in bags to be carried with the ammunition, and as their incorrigible habit of gaming had by this time distributed the booty very unequally—some having lost all, and a few having accumulated really large fortunes—those who had more than they could carry, divided the overplus among their more unfortunate mates, on condition that the latter should return half when they reached a place of safety. And this was done the more readily since it was very well known that the more unfortunate gamblers had conspired to murder the winners at the first favourable opportunity. De Lussan was one of the wealthiest of the band; though, having invested his 30,000 pieces of eight in precious stones, his booty was probably the lightest of all. But for all that he had the prudence to entrust a third of it to other hands; and a very effective method of assuring his life this proved. The day closed, as will probably be surmised, with solemn prayer.

Having secured seventy or eighty horses to carry their food, and such among them as might happen to be disabled, they set out on the 2nd of January; and admirably did they conduct their march. They had an advanced guard of forty men, and a rear-guard of an equal

number, while mounted buccaniers scouted in couples far away on all sides. They never entered a wood without firing down the avenues and into the coverts at the entrance. They always encamped on some commanding eminence. They placed their sentinels and went the rounds with military precision. And they roused and formed for the march at beat of drum. The country was soon in fierce commotion round them, dogging them perpetually with strong bodies of cavalry; obstructing the forest-paths and mountain-passes with felled trees and rocks hurled from the cliffs; firing the woods and savannahs to windward, and posting ambuscades at every convenient spot. But, thanks to their fine order, not one of these devices succeeded in injuring the buccaniers. On they wound through the difficult forests, and up they went shivering through the misty mountain-passes towards the summit of the ridge, here probably 8,000 feet above the sea, finding the country devastated before them, and the enemy indefatigable upon their track. They reached Segovia in the midst of this Alpine district on the 12th, and much to their surprise found it deserted too; for they had calculated that there at least they must prepare for some resistance. But all that was to come. An old and skilful Walloon officer with a powerful force and ample resources at his command was busy not many leagues in their front. And they had escaped so well hitherto, merely because it was considered wisest to involve them inextricably in this difficult country previous to assailing them with an overwhelming force.

At sunrise on the 13th they paused on a hill-top, and seeing some cattle on a height half a mile in front, they despatched a party across the valley to secure them. This detachment returned in half-an-hour with startling news. What they had taken for cattle were but a few of thousands of saddled horses; the road crept up that same height through a ravine cut by a torrent, and for the first fifty yards of its ascent was heaped with felled trees, above which, one over another, rose three formidable redoubts crowded with men, while a precipice and thicket rendered the rest of the hill altogether impassable. The horsemen in the rear, also, were rapidly barring the path in that direction. And beacons, flaming like volcanoes along the cliffs, apprised the distant districts that the hour of vengeance had come at last.

So far the buccaniers were safe in the trap; and that it must be allowed was a strong one. But every school-boy knows what an ugly customer a snared rat is; and a buccanier in a predicament like this was not a whit less perplexingly fierce and formidable to Mexican Spaniards. De Lussan and his comrades acknowledged all their peril at once and braced themselves to meet it. Despatching a dozen of their comrades—proved cragsmen all—to search the mountain side under cover of the thick forest—they set about fortifying their post. Towards night the scouts returned and pronounced it just possible to scale the barrier in front. That was all the buccaniers needed, and, selecting eighty men to keep the camp, with directions to shift for themselves as best they could should the coming

fight prove disastrous, "they said their prayers as low as they could that the Spaniards might not hear them," and crept out on their perilous enterprise, just as the moon began to show above the horizon. The Spaniards, too, went through their vespers, but in much noisier style, accompanying each response with a discharge of small arms. This, however, soon ceased, and for the rest of the night the adventurers heard nothing but the roar of the torrent, the watchword of the sentinels, and the occasional whirr of a bird disturbed from its nest. Slowly and painfully they laboured forward, through brake and quagmire, up precipitous cliffs and across giant trunks that had fallen through age—more than once brought to a despairing halt by their difficulties, but always impelled to fresh exertion by the recollection of their danger. When day broke they found themselves on the crest of the mountain. A little to the left they recognized the road, and a few yards lower down they heard the tread of the topmost Spanish sentinel; but he and all beneath was as yet enveloped in the morning mist. Half-an-hour's halt to take breath, look to their weapons, and gather their ranks; and then, just as the fog lifted, down they went like an avalanche, or the Highlanders through the pass of Killiecrankie. A fierce halloo called up the Spaniards, a crashing volley mowed them down—and then with nervous arms and bloody blades the buccaniers were among them. The best and bravest were slain at once, the rest turned and fled. But they had been too mischievously skilful in barricading the pass for flight to avail them much; and while they floundered among its thousand impediments they were massacred without mercy. Then followed the flight of the horsemen in the rear, and the junction of those who had maintained the camp during that fearfully anxious night with those who had toiled to victory through such appalling difficulties. *Te Deum* was chanted on the field; the slain were stripped of their valuables and *their boots*; and hundreds of horses being seized and hundreds more hamstrung to prevent pursuit—the whole band mounted and resumed the march with the loss of but a single man slain and two wounded. Two days after they passed a similar formidable entrenchment, and on the third another, but both alike deserted. That morning's work was enough for the Spaniards: they showed no more on the track. At last, on the 17th of January, the buccaniers gained the southern declivity of the plateau and the head-waters of the river they sought.

The torrent here was too fierce and broken for canoes, so they constructed a host of *piperies*. Each of these very primitive craft consisted of four or five logs some six feet long, bound together by creeping plants, and carried two men, who stood one at each end and guided it with poles. This kind of navigation was rather precarious, especially the first day, when the freebooters started in a crowd, and suffered of course no end of collision and upset. The *pipery*, too, had an awkward trick of deserting the surface, and progressing several feet beneath for miles together; and a still more awkward one of tumbling over as it shot the numerous rapids. But when De Lussan and his friends became habituated to these trifling

peculiarities, they got on very well, seldom averaging more than a score of immersions in the day. As for the cataracts, when the boom of the fall and the aspect of the stream apprised the voyagers of their vicinity, they landed and let the piper take its chance. If it passed the ordeal undamaged they re-embarked ; if not they made another. With respect to food : they killed a number of horses the day they set out ; but the flesh was too constantly immersed to keep, and they had to fling it away the second morning. Their firearms too were rendered quite useless. But they found an abundance of bananas along the banks, and the Indians of these parts, being bitter enemies of the Spaniards, helped them a good deal. There was another risk, however, which some of them could not so well provide against. After the first day it was arranged that the piperies should float one by one at considerable intervals ; and some of those reckless scamps who had lost all by gambling, took advantage of this to murder and rifle five of their comrades who had omitted to avail themselves of De Lussan's precaution. The adventurers reached the navigable portion of the river by the 20th of February ; and though some few—Englishmen of course—chose to complete the voyage on their beloved piperies, the great majority here made them canoes. De Lussan and his party completed and launched theirs on the 1st of March, and by the 9th they had reached the mouth of the river. There they found a small vessel, and fifty of them crowding into it were wafted to St. Domingo at a cost of forty pieces of eight a man. But it was easier to get home than to recover from the habits and feelings of the life they had so long been leading. While coasting St. Domingo, they happened to notice some planters riding along the beach, and a number of them, thinking that they were still on the Pacific, ran to their arms, and could hardly be restrained from firing. They landed on the 4th of April at Petit Guaves, so delighted to find themselves among people of the same tongue, that they burst into tears ; "grateful," says De Lussan, "that after we had undergone so many perils it had pleased the Almighty Maker of earth and seas to grant us a safe deliverance. For my own part," he adds, "I had so little hope of ever escaping, that for the space of fifteen days I could not persuade myself that my return was anything more than a pleasant illusion ; and I dreaded to go to sleep lest on waking I should find myself back among the hardships of the BUCCANIER."

The Church and the Chase.

THAT the first twenty years of the reign of George III. was the period during which the "long frost," as it has been called, of the eighteenth century began to break up, is too familiar a truism to be unknown to any of our readers. Whether or no the conditions of national life which obtained during the previous forty years are most accurately illustrated by the above metaphor, is another question, and one that we ourselves should be disposed to answer in the negative. But there can be no doubt as to the truth of the main proposition. The Revolution of 1688 had, like most other revolutions, rooted up with the tares a certain proportion of the wheat. It lowered the tone, for a while, of politics, of religion, and of literature. The high-wrought sentiment, the severe earnestness, the spirituelle tone—characteristics of all three during the seventeenth century—were crushed under foot by the massive materialism which ushered in its successor. A kind of grossness becomes visible in society as the more romantic and impalpable sanctions on which authority was formerly supported fall into disrepute, and as government and religion, which once appealed to the imagination, begin to appeal to common sense. In this change the clergy had their full share. They fell into the ways of the people among whom they lived. The gentry stood aloof from the Court, and lived sullenly on their estates; contracting thereby such boorish habits and unrefined tastes as we find sketched in the literature of the age. As the squire was the parson was. We are aware there were many brilliant exceptions to this rule; but it prevailed upon the whole. Nor, as it seems, had society awakened to any consciousness that the manners of the rural clergy were not all that they ought to be even down to the appearance of Dr. Primrose.

But the years immediately following the death of Oliver Goldsmith witnessed the rise of a completely new school of thought, not only in literature, but in politics and religion also. The three chief instruments of this change were the younger Pitt, the poet Cowper, and John Wesley. If we put down the *Vicar of Wakefield* or *The Deserted Village* to take up *The Task* or *Table Talk*, the change is like that from a Pagan idyl to a Christian psalm. In *The Deserted Village*, for instance, the description of the country clergyman is one of the most beautiful passages in English poetry: nor is there a single word in it to which the most exacting critic could take exception on behalf of Christianity. But the *tone* of it, nevertheless, is, if we may use such an expression, thoroughly Gentile. There is, too, a tint of animal gaiety, of careless uninquisitive enjoyment thrown over the whole picture which contrasts most strongly with the

serious and indignant satire, and elevated religious sentiment, which flash along the pages of Cowper. In the one we have an Arcadian group, in the other grave and earnest reality. The manners of the clergy are chastised by Cowper in quite a new style. Hitherto, their political zeal, or their ignorance, or their rudeness, or their servility had furnished matter to the wits of the age. Now, for the first time, the clergy were reproached for their *worldliness*, for their addiction to fashionable amusements, to foppish and affected manners, and to habits of life unbecoming the clerical profession, and inconsistent with spiritual earnestness. In the *Vicar of Wakefield*, Goldsmith draws the model of a country clergyman, according to the ideas of that period. And the worthy Dr. Primrose spends his mornings out hunting, and his evenings in dancing and backgammon. Compare this with the "cassocked huntsman" of Cowper, and his character of Occidius, in the "Progress of Error," and we recognize at once the depth of the change which twenty years had brought about.

It is, we think, from the end of this period that the rise of the fox-hunting or sporting parson as a distinct character in society, and as a marked type of his profession, must be held to date. Before that time, people really had not cared much how the clergy lived, so that they did not openly defy the Decalogue. During the first half at least of the eighteenth century, men's minds had been agitated by public questions of such tremendous moment that they had thought very little about private morals; and we imagine no one ever gave a thought to the propriety or impropriety of a clergyman's following the hounds. He might do so, or he might leave it alone; and neither the one course of action nor the other would draw the least notice on him, or cause him to be identified with any particular party in his own profession. But afterwards, when the social conscience had been pricked by the eloquence of Wesley and Whitfield, indulgence in field-sports seems at once to have been adopted as the text whereby a goat could be distinguished from a sheep; and thenceforth, for nearly seventy years, it remained the badge of a class, became a representative term within which was included dinner-parties, port-wine, cards, balls, neglect of the poor, indifference to prayer, single services, short sermons, and whatever else it might be esteemed abominable for a clerk in holy orders either to do or to leave undone.

The sporting rector of this strongly marked type, reached his culminating point probably somewhere about the middle of the Regency, and flourished in full vigour for, let us say, five-and-twenty years. The *Tracts for the Times* caused him to reel in his saddle, but he kept his seat gallantly, notwithstanding, for some years longer; and it was not until these and other influences had begun to leaven the episcopal bench, and at the same time bring on the stage a rising generation, with different objects of excitement, that he began to show signs of falling off. Then for a while the hunting parson sank to a very low ebb indeed. But just recently, it seems, the muscular Christians, with Mr. Kingsley at the head of them,

have picked him up, given him a fresh mount, and set him going again to a tune that would have been rank blasphemy in the ears of his grandfather, who used to give "a southerly wind and a cloudy sky" in tones of the most undoubted orthodoxy. Mr. Kingsley prefers the north-east because it is the wind of God. And, indeed, perhaps this way of looking at it did not so much as occur to the Rev. Pigskin Buckskin, whose remarks on the subject, had it ever been brought before him, would probably have borne a close analogy to Dame Quickly's method of reasoning on the duty of thinking about our Maker.

We can only, however, regard this present sporting reaction within the pale of the Church as a temporary recoil from the too ascetic manners of one extreme clerical school, and the odious intellectual assumptions which characterize another. We can scarcely anticipate its permanence. Therefore, ere the whole race is extinct, let us amuse ourselves by sketching a few typical individuals of it; as it is eminently a national product, and to be met with, we imagine, in no quarter of the globe, save and except in that small portion of the earth's surface which is comprised between the four boundaries of the southern moiety of Great Britain. The close connection between the clergy and the aristocracy which exists in England is not to be found in any other Protestant country. The marriage of the clergy bringing them into immediate contact with all the tastes, habits, and amusements of the laity, is not to be found in any Catholic country. These are probably the reasons of the peculiarity in question. And now for the examples of it.

The hunting parson, who is at the same time a good scholar and an active and efficient parish clergyman, has been always rare. But he does exist, though probably this is the species of the genus that will be the first to disappear altogether. A former Fellow of a crack college, an enlightened High-Churchman, who takes care that all the services of the Church are performed in the most efficient manner, a good preacher, and a constant attendant both in the school-room and by the sick bed, hunts twice a week, and "hollers" in a manner which endears him to the whole county. He is a portly and very good-looking man about sixty years of age, always dressed with scrupulous neatness in the costume of his profession; and when he sits at the head of his dinner-table he looks like a very superior country gentleman who might be a Conservative Minister. But such men as these are now, whatever they were once, few and far between; and certainly are not what the world at large is thinking of when it talks of hunting parsons. His reverence has been heard to say that if he had to begin life over again, he should begin it differently; and he gives no encouragement to the younger generation of clergy to follow his example. This alone marks him off from the great body of his sporting brethren who are visited by no such compunction.

The regular typical "sporting parson" is, generally speaking, an elderly or middle-aged man of some birth or wealth, who hunted in the holidays when a schoolboy, hunted at college when a man, and has con-

tinued to hunt ever since from sheer force of habit. He is usually, as a divine, disposed towards the high and dry denomination, with a tendency to be drier than he is high; that is to say, his dryness is positive, while his highness is only negative. On hunting days, if turned fifty, he affects the cross-barred linen neckerchief, that gentlemanly but apoplectic-looking bandage which was the appropriate bequest to his subjects of the first gentleman in Europe. He wears with this a broad-skirted grey coat, and sometimes, but not always, brown tops. He is not, generally speaking, a very hard rider; but he knows the country, and mostly has a clever old horse, who contrives to bring him into a good place at the end. After dinner, you don't, as a rule, find him a man of varied conversation or extensive reading. But he is very likely to show a good vein of humour, and is almost sure to be a man on whose common sense you may rely. It has, indeed, never been observed yet to what an extent field-sports tend to develop common sense. Yet it is rare to find a man who is a good sportsman in whom this valuable quality is wanting. Such a clergyman, accordingly, is often very useful in his parish, though seldom coming under the designation of an active or zealous parish priest. He contents himself with the usual routine. His sermons, like his port, are sound and soporific; and he is very popular in his village, where his bonhomie and real kindness make him a favourite with man, woman, and child. In politics of course he is Conservative, desiring no change for himself, and unable to believe therefore that it can do good to anybody else. Resigned about Dissenters, regarding them as a species of "foot people" whom it is difficult to shake off in the manufacturing districts or the neighbourhood of a large town; charitable and indulgent to all alike, and desiring always, if he have any professional ambition at all, to be called "moderate:" he regards himself as a country gentleman by nature, and a clergyman by position; and thinks that if a parson doesn't hunt, it can only be for one of three reasons,—either because he can't afford it—which is a good reason; or because he can't ride—which is a bad reason, as casting doubts on his gentility; or, worse than all, because he has "extreme views," which endanger the peace of the neighbourhood. He has a vague idea that the Church and the gentry and the hounds are all linked together somehow in one great mysterious system, which, if we accept the argument from design, was clearly contemplated by Providence.

A slight deflection from the above type is discovered in the sporting parson who is fourteen or fifteen years younger. A man of forty, or five-and-forty, belongs to the new age. He does not hunt on system, and is altogether less starched and stiff both in ideas and costume than his senior. The latter always keeps up the clerical character in externals with scrupulous care. The former rather loves to throw it off. However, they are essentially the same species, and though minute shades of difference may interest the philosopher, they will have less charm for the public.

As far as our personal experience extends, sporting tastes among the

clergy are quite unconnected now-a-days with a tendency towards extreme conviviality. Curiously enough, however, the first parson in the habit of taking too much port, whom the present writer ever knew, was likewise the first he ever knew who was in the habit of fox-hunting. But the coincidence was accidental. We remember that genial, gentlemanly, but imprudent old vicar well. He was generally beloved in the neighbourhood; and his parties were the most popular for miles. But his inability to resist that one glass more which just takes the judgment off its legs, had by the time we knew him become incurable; and he seldom entered the drawing-room but in a condition to make his wife and daughters objects of sincere commiseration. There was no necessary connection, however, between this infirmity and hunting. And certainly some of the most unfortunate examples we have known of clerical excess, have been supplied by men of studious habits, scholars, and authors who never rode a horse in their lives.

Unhappily, there *are* black sheep in the Church still; and we have known one or two specimens of sporting clergymen who have been really a disgrace to their cloth: men who would hunt or shoot all day, swearing with the best of the company, and paying marked attentions all the while to a case-bottle of unusual magnitude; who, coming home to dinner, would become incoherent before ten o'clock, and sober themselves over unlimited loo till three or four in the morning. These men publicly exposed themselves; but then they would probably have done just the same thing had they not been fox-hunters. How different the behaviour of the Rev. Humidus Dactyl, one of the finest scholars in the diocese, and a sportsman, though not a fox-hunter, whose leanings towards undue conviviality were a perennial source of exultation to all the Dissenters in his village. But as fate would have it, one day, after a great Bible meeting, followed by a good dinner, the minister went the way of the parson, and was desecrated by the faithful parish-clerk lurching up the street in a style the reverse of methodistical. The clerk ran to fetch his master, whom he found buried in Euripides, exhorting him to come out and gaze upon his fallen enemy, "for it's *your* turn now," he cried. That Christian priest, true to the first principles of his religion, declined the cruel revenge which it was now in his power to have taken, and dismissing his over-zealous adherent with a severe rebuke, sent round his butler privately to the house of the erring Nonconformist, with half-a-dozen bottles of soda-water. This was true delicacy, as well as true charity. Little Brag, the clerical jockey and card-player aforesaid, would have danced a war-dance round him, or have sent men to sing under his windows. But the humane Dactyl, whose manners had been softened by a long course of Latin elegiacs, showed himself immeasurably superior to the common run of men on this occasion, and proved what can be done by the combined pursuit of scholarship and partridge-shooting towards the formation of a perfect gentleman. It is needless to add after this that Dactyl was the idol of his parish, and that the church-bells were

always rung merrily when he returned home after a temporary suspension from his duties in consequence of the habit we have mentioned.

But the rarest specimen of the whole tribe, rarer even than the "scholar and divine" type of sporting parson, is the direct lineal descendant of Parson Trulliber, the heavy, farming parson, who cultivates a large glebe, works in the fields himself, attends market, and hunts once a month on the steed that takes him thither. He is made, like the short-winged birds, rather for running than for flying; and in these go-ahead days, society has been almost too much for him. Like many of those once common fowls, he is now all but extinct; though an individual crops up every now and then in some remote sequestered shire, just as one reads of a bustard being sometimes shot on the wild sandy shores of Norfolk and Lincolnshire.

Two such we saw what time the labouring ox
With loosened traces from the furrow came—

two figures dwelling prominently in our memory, and carrying us back into the far past, and scenes, perhaps, never to be revisited. One of them we can but faintly recollect: a large, powerful man, in a low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, coloured cravat, brown shorts and tops, driving his wife and daughter into the market-town on Saturdays, in a one-horse phaeton drawn by a big grey mare, who did duty at the plough on other days. He had a very good living, and made money by his farm into the bargain; so that he was always regarded in the neighbourhood as a person of considerable position. But what was more to him than this was, that he was a keen politician, a capital speaker, and the life and soul of all electioneering business, either in the borough town or in his own division of the county. Indeed, the Rev. Mr. Furroughs was a man of sound parts and culture; who, if he hadn't been the best hand at a bargain, might have been the best hand at a sermon, in the whole diocese. Little Farrows now, whom we remember much better, was a widely different man: short, plethoric, and rubicund; who did not affect the farmer or the sportsman in his dress as Furroughs did, but was a much more exclusive mixture of the two characters, notwithstanding. Farrows had a capital family living in a great agricultural county, the glebe amounting to nearly four hundred acres. The whole of this he farmed himself, and preserved the game upon it strictly. He was to be seen "pitching" in the rick-yard at harvest-time, plying the drag-rake in the hay-field, and presiding with perfect jollity and familiarity at the harvest supper. He was a dead shot, but by the time we had the pleasure of knowing him, he was getting too ponderous for that diversion, and liked better to take the field on a pony, and "mark" for younger men—to whose society he was very partial. He was an excellent judge of pigs; and, whether constant contemplation of these unclean creatures had affected his own mind or not we cannot say, but his conversation would have been considered unpleasantly broad even for a layman. In a clergyman it was horrid. The jokes which that jolly old priest would cut at his own dinner-table, and in presence of his

own daughters, were enough to make a sensitive undergraduate disappear beneath the table, rather than catch the eye of the young lady whom he had just, perhaps, been spooning in the shrubbery. But peace to his ashes! His sermons were short and well selected. He was a good man; and a thrifty, worked hard himself, and expected others to do the same; liberal to the poor, and not obsequious to the rich; a first-rate man with pointers: a fair man with hounds; while in calculating the weight of a fat hog no man could beat him.

Besides the heavy brigade of sporting parsons, we have the flying corps of light-weight curates, who ride forward on smart well-bred cobs, are great at archery and croquet, and marry the daughters of the brewers and bankers in the neighbourhood. But these are not the characteristic types of that class through which the Church and the Chase are brought together; and we pass on therefore to another division of the force, the clergy who think hunting wrong, but are great at either fishing or shooting. We have never had much doubt that for what is called "the encouragement of unclerical habits," shooting is worse than hunting. In the first place, hunting is a much less absorbing pursuit than shooting. Few clergymen can afford to hunt more than once a week; and at the same time it is an amusement which begins and ends with itself. The parson mounts his horse after breakfast, rides to cover, has an hour or two's gallop across country, and comes home again with nothing on his mind. But a man with three hundred acres of his own to shoot over, and seven or eight hundred more adjoining them which he can always contrive to get if he lives upon the spot, and especially if he is the vicar, is not only liable to a vast amount of worry and suspicion from which the fox-hunter is free, but has also to devote a very considerable portion of his time to the management of his hunting-grounds, to the breeding and training of his dogs, to the detection and punishment of poachers. Say that a man has 1,200 acres of shooting of which 200 are cover: unless he can afford two regular keepers it will occupy him all the year. Say he has only half, still he will have the same kind of anxieties weighing upon him. If he doesn't find the birds he expects when he goes out shooting in the morning he comes home moody and suspicious, and thinks about it all night. If he is told that guns were heard that morning "down agen the willer-bed, sir; and I knows it were that porching beggar Potshot again, arter our tame pheasants," his reverence is inflamed with rage; and when he sees Potshot at church the following Sunday, how is it possible that he can feel in charity with all men? If he catches Potshot, a small farmer in the parish, what is he to do? To let him off is to be laughed at. To punish him is to make him a Dissenter. Between his faith and his pheasants, the reverend gentleman's mental struggles are excruciating: exasperate his temper, injure his digestion, and effectually spoil his sermons. See again how young dogs will try the meekest of mankind. The rector is but a man. And when Turk *won't* downcharge, and Carlo *will* chase, after months of patient labour spent on their education, even a sound divine

may be excused an heretical ejaculation. All these things, the inevitable conditions of shooting, do, it seems to us, tend to secularize the character a great deal more than fox-hunting; and both by the time which they consume, and the frame of mind which they engender, to interfere with the proper discharge of clerical functions in a far greater degree than the particular sport which has hitherto been singled out as the very type and pattern of worldliness.

Neither the world nor the Church, however, seems to take this view of the case. The world, when it talks of a sporting parson, still means a hunting parson. And, among the strictest of our game-preservers, are some of the strictest of the clergy. We could mention Ritualists, both of the florid and the severe school, who are very Normans in the rigour with which they carry out the game-laws, and whose time is almost equally divided between shooting, praying, and fasting. It is not the fashion of the day to regard such clergymen as worldlings, yet it is difficult to believe but that their thoughts must be quite as much abstracted from spiritual concerns, and their hearts quite as much a prey to human passions, as the unlucky fox-hunter who has to bear the whole brunt of the odium which attaches to the idea of a sporting parson.

The fishing parson, who is an angler and nothing else, scarcely comes within the definition of a sporting parson. This amusement is so quiet and peaceful, taking one indeed rather out of the world than into it, that, by common consent, it has been withdrawn from the category of those sports which confer upon their votaries the distinction of being "sporting men." In the clergyman who once or twice a week spends a summer evening along the banks of the village brook, in pursuit of either trout, pike, or perch, there is really nothing that is characteristic, and, consequently, nothing that we need introduce into the present article. At the same time, it must, in candour, be admitted that the possession of any kind of taste for field-sports, even so gentle a one as angling, is significant, generally speaking, of a character not the most suitable of all for the position of a clergyman in controversial or tempestuous times. The Church requires at such times the purest enthusiasm, and the most concentrated energies. Field-sports can hardly fail both to leaven the one and to divide the other. In quiet times, we see no reason why clergymen who either hunt, shoot, or fish in moderation should not discharge all their clerical functions not only with perfect propriety, but with the highest usefulness. But, in seasons of storm and darkness, men of different calibre are required to bear the load.

Well nigh not to be borne,
Of the too-vast orb of her fate.

Finally, and in apology for the sporting class of clergymen in general, we desire to say thus much. Whether or no it be to the advantage either of the Church herself, or of the nation which owns her authority, that the double character which she has always borne, should be perpetuated, is a question foreign to this essay. But it is not foreign to this essay to lay

great stress upon the fact that she always *has* borne a double character; and that not only since the Reformation, but before it. She has been a divine institution for the tradition of religious truth, the communication of spiritual grace, the illustration of Christian virtues. But she has been, at one and the same time, a political and social institution, contributing a powerful support both moral and material to existing forms of government and society, and forming a kind of focus, whence education, refinement, and all that is comprehended under the word culture, have been dispersed through the nation. In order that these latter functions may be discharged to the best advantage, it has been thought desirable that the clergy should be drawn in the main from the upper classes. Their sphere of usefulness is at the same time very much enlarged by marriage. Hence it results that we find a man set down in a country village imbued with all the tastes and instincts of the gentry round about him, who feels that in mixing with the world, in showing and receiving hospitality, in acting as a magistrate and a landlord, he is eminently qualifying himself for the discharge of all those duties which lie, so to speak, outside of his spiritual capacity. And for the same class of duties it is not easy to see how hunting in moderation should *disqualify* him. Certainly there is nothing in it to detract from his usefulness as a teacher; for we remember a most distinguished professor of modern history in the University of Oxford, who used to hunt three times a week with the Vale of White Horse. There is nothing in it to make him a less efficient arbitrator in parochial quarrels; a less wise counsellor in difficulty or distress; a less powerful example of purity, benevolence, and charity. If all the other more especially secular occupations of the clergy are not merely tolerated, but approved of, we cannot see why hunting and shooting should be excepted. If an individual clergyman choose to conform himself to one conception of the clerical character rather than the other, both being equally recognized, who shall say him nay?

But to require that the same clergyman shall be perfect in both the characters which, in the Church of England, he is called upon to play, is to expect too much of human nature. Here and there an individual may approach very nearly to a perfect combination of the two. But, on the whole, it will generally be found that great success in the one capacity implies a corresponding failure in the other. Coleridge pointed out the difference between the Church of the nation, and the Church *in* the nation: the former corresponding to the second of the two ideas we have here drawn of the Church of England, the latter to the first. The former representing culture, the latter representing holiness. The one a "clerisy," a clergy of learning, scholarship, and refinement, the other simply and exclusively the ministry of the Gospel. The one to be established, endowed, and under the strict control of the State; the other to be voluntary, self-supporting, and as free as the winds of heaven. Of course we are expressing no opinion of the practical value of this view. We only mention it to show how deeply the difficulties arising

from the duplex character of the Church of England had struck a mind like Coleridge's. On the whole, we think that public opinion is disposed to be hard upon the clergy. We call upon a man to discharge a class of duties which require considerable knowledge of the world. We expect him to be married, and so to mix himself up with a variety of worldly interests. We require that he shall be well bred, and at ease in all kinds of society. We demand, in a word, that on one side of his character he shall be simply an exemplary country gentleman; and then we suddenly turn round upon him, and not only forbid him the amusements which are appropriate to that character, and which are constantly being thrown in his way, but actually exact of him all the spiritual earnestness of a priestly devotee whose heart and soul are concentrated on a single purpose. In short, we ask impossibilities; and instead of looking for this superhuman combination of qualities in the same individual, it would be wiser to be satisfied with having each of the two ideas, of which the complement is the Anglican Church, adequately represented within her pale by two different classes of men who take up the parts respectively for which nature has best qualified them. This, in fact, is the state of things which now exists, and the almost inevitable product of it has been the sporting parson. We are far from asserting that he is the highest type of the clerical character. We are far from denying that he is liable to indulge in these amusements to excess, and to allow them to engross more of his time and thoughts than is good either for himself or his parishioners. But this is only to say that the practice is liable to abuse. On the whole, though in the abstract undesirable, the sporting clergyman seems likely, under existing circumstances, to be with us for a long time; and it is, perhaps, a question whether, in getting rid of him, we shall not sacrifice other elements of the present system which more than compensate his shortcomings.

The Lions of Catalonia—Barcelona.

It is probable, as one result of the settled state of affairs which Spain seems to be approaching, and of the increased communication with Europe which will be, perhaps, the best consequence of her revolution, that many more English travellers will visit the Peninsula than have hitherto done so. We have decidedly lowered our ideal of travel since the days of Bacon's *Essays*. It is no longer so much "a part of education" as a downright amusement. But this is one of those facts which we have to make the best of, and we can only make the best of it by helping the British tourist to take his holiday in as intellectual a way as the circumstances permit. Hitherto the traveller for pleasure in Spain has been of a somewhat superior degree to the ordinary ruck of those who pour themselves in autumn over the banks of the Rhine and the pleasant cities of civilized France. The curiosity has been keener that has led him to a less known land. He has had to rough it more, to possess more leisure, and larger resources. Accordingly, the most intellectual of all "hand-books," Ford's *Handbook for Spain*, was provided for him. But the fact that a new edition of that valuable and amusing work has been found necessary to meet the wants of the new class who journey by railways, is the best sign of the change that is coming over affairs. The Briton who used to advance from Bayonne to St. Sebastian, just to be able to say that he had been in Spain, will now push on boldly to Burgos and Madrid. Having conquered France with "*combeang*?" he will challenge Spain with the watch-word "*cuanto*?" Indeed, he has already penetrated into the other, or Andalusian, end of the country, thanks to the P. and O. boats; and we have a vague recollection of a cockney who, after a six weeks' ramble from Cadiz, wrote a large book of travels on "Spain," and really made an imposing figure by retailing his reminiscences of the talk of an English-speaking guide to the Alhambra, flavoured with extracts from the late Mr. Lockhart's *Spanish Ballads*.

I am a less able and ambitious man than that cockney. I do not aspire to describe Spain, but only a few features of one of her provinces; and I confess that, though living in Spain all the year round, I find it exceedingly difficult to understand her and her life at all.

Catalonia, the province in question, is best known to tourists as a country, a strip of which they traverse—resting a day or two—on their road to more fashionable regions. It has one of the most charming climates in the world, but invalids go to Malaga. It has a language of which it is singularly tenacious, but which none but Catalans know. It has classical remains of high interest, but they are neglected by those who

spend years in neighbouring Italy. It has mediæval buildings of great curiosity, but they seem to lack the romantic charm that hangs about the word Moor. Finally, it plumes itself on being the one "industrial" province of Spain; but working its cotton-mills with English machinery and English coal, it is more Roman Catholic than Italy, and more profoundly Protectionist than poor Lord George Bentinck. Here are combinations and contrasts which even a dull man ought to find interesting, and a dry man piquant.

The reader who is kind enough at this point to consult his map, will find that our province is, so to speak, in a setting of poetic and historical associations. For it is bounded by Arragon, the Pyrenees, the Mediterranean, and the Ebro; though, strictly, the Valencian frontier is some distance beyond the mouth of that renowned river. All the four subdivisions of it—"provinces," in the modern sense, for purposes of administration—have strangely antique names. Tarragona is the "Tarraco" of the Scipios: Barcelona is the "Barcino" of Mela and Pliny—probably Punic in origin, certainly a Roman colony in the time of Augustus: Lerida is the "Ilerda," where Cæsar disposed, after a masterly siege, of two of Pompey's best lieutenants. Horace mentions and Lucan describes it. Gerona, the least known, is the town of Pliny's "Gerundenses"—one of the chief (so he tells us) of the forty-three peoples whose law-cases were disposed of at the "Conventus," or assizes of Tarragona. The Ebro—*Iberus*—gave its ancient Greek name (now reviving and becoming the rallying word of a powerful political party,) of *Iberia* to all the Peninsula. Tarragona was the Roman capital for ages of more than half Spain. The Romans began their Spanish conquests here, and it was through the modern Catalonia, after taking Saguntum and crossing the Ebro, that Hannibal marched to the invasion of Italy.

Classically, then, Catalonia is the most ancient Roman part of the great Roman province of Hispania Tarraconensis—Tarragonian Spain—and comprises the "sunny shore" of Laetania, so praised by Martial. Feudally, it is a Gothic, Frankish country, the creation of Carlovingian princes; ruled by counts who were independent and held lordships on the other side of the Pyrenees, and were much connected with the southern nationality (if the expression may be permitted), afterwards merged into what became "France." From this point of view, the early Catalanian range of interest takes in the Troubadour period,—the language being a Romance one, related to the Provençal. The rulers of the province were counts of Barcelona, and that town became an important mediæval seat of commerce, the whole country thus enjoying a free political system, partly territorial, partly commercial, and not unlike that of England, at a very early period. Arragon fell to the counts of Barcelona by marriage; the relations with southern France broke off; then, Arragon and Catalonia descending to Castile, politics confirmed what geography had pointed out, and Catalonia became gradually "Spanish," as Spain, in the modern sense, began to form itself. But the Catalan is still one of the distinctest

figures in the motley group which makes up what are so justly still called (following the old Roman phrase) the Spains—*las Españas*. And the Catalan republicans of the Cortes are only acting on the strong old provincial instinct, in declaring themselves Federal republicans. They don't want to break up Spain, but they want a distinct political life for their own *Cataluña*. It is the same spirit, acting under new conditions, which made them rise against Philip V., the first of the Spanish Bourbons, whose citadel, made to bridle their capital, Barcelona, they set about knocking down, with hearty good-will, the moment the revolution of September was achieved.

But my present object is not to write a dissertation on Cataluña, so much as to sketch for the English traveller, present or prospective, some of the scenes best worth visiting in it. When Spain gets settled again, and confidence produces money and enterprise, one of the first things done will surely be the completion of the railway connection between Spain and France, at the southern end of the Pyrenees. For the present, the works are suspended; and the journey from Perpignan to Gerona, has to be performed in a diligence. Once at Gerona, the tourist finds a line ready for him, away through Barcelona and Tarragona to Valencia and Andalusia, with a branch line to Madrid. And from Barcelona, he can, if he likes, take rail to Saragossa and Pampeluna, the capitals of Arragon and Navarre; and strike afterwards on the line which connects Madrid with Paris at the station of Alsasua. From whichever of these three directions, the French, the Valencian, or the Arragonese, he enters our province, he will be likely to make for its old capital, Barcelona, in the first instance.

Barcelona is a city of which, more than of most cities, it may be said that it is *sui generis*. It is the second town in Spain, and preferred by some people to Madrid; yet it is the least Spanish of all Spanish towns; that is to say, while a Frenchman finds it Spanish, a Spaniard finds it French. It has at once a Spanish, a Catalan, and a French character; and this threefold colour of its civic pattern puzzles for a long time the stranger who fixes his head-quarters there. Officially and politically, it has been Spanish for centuries, of course. The language of government, law, literature, the press,—the language that meets one everywhere, and seems for a time absolutely predominant, is Castilian. Yet, two natives meeting each other, even of the upper class, drop into Catalan immediately; while Catalan is the everyday language of the common people, many of whom do not understand Castilian at all. In writing, however, the upper class use Castilian, as a matter of course; and the written Catalan of the country people is scarcely intelligible to those who can speak it sufficiently well. Practically, therefore, Catalan, while necessary to any foreigner who means to live in Catalonia, is a *patois*. It has ceased to be a literary or cultivated language, though two, at least, of its old chronicles are esteemed by philologists for their force, as well as for the help they give in the study of the Romance tongues. This decay of Catalan,—the colloquial use of which, however common, is far from being

so common as it was in the last generation,—excites the provincial wrath of Barcelona's only school of literature. For it is characteristic of Catalonia that really her only school of "literary men" (I don't love the phrase, but I cannot honestly call them men of letters) spend their lives in trying to keep alive the dialect of the province. Hence those "Jochs Florals" (floral games), with their prizes for little Catalan poems; hence those meetings with the corresponding societies on the other side of the Pyrenees, some echoes from which wandered even into our cold North. I think that if I were a Catalan "literary man," I should reserve this sham-troubadour business for my most private leisure hours, and apply any real brains I had to improving the wretched education and literature of my countrymen in a practical way. History, morals, politics, economy, mathematics—these are what the youth of Spain, inheriting brains starved by despotism and priestcraft for centuries, really need. Practical reforms—the moral part of civilization—these Spain is pining for. It will be time enough to indulge in the troubadour business by-and-by.

Unfortunately, Catalonia, in spite of French fashions, English and German commerce, and her own provincial traditions of enterprise and freedom, is Spanish, necessarily, in the backwardness of her administration and a score of other matters. I shall have ample opportunities of illustrating this in the course of the ramble which I now invite the reader to take with me through what ought to be the chief lion of Catalonia, its capital city of Barcelona. What, in the first place, is the population of this beautiful Mediterranean city, stretched upon rich plains, along the shore of the blue sea, and backed on the horizon behind by an irregular range of hills of many hues—the highest point being called TIBI-DABO, from the words spoken to our Lord by the devil on the top of the mountain? This question, which one could answer with perfect accuracy about most European cities, can only be answered approximately about Barcelona. A census is taken sometimes, of course, but the figures go to Madrid, like the Custom-house returns, and, whether they are ever published or not in a country so profoundly ignorant of statistics, is a matter of accident. Barcelona is believed to contain about 175,000 inhabitants, and it is pretty certain that her population has fallen off during the last five years. When she rallies from the effects of the perturbation, misgovernment, and commercial disorder, which have caused this, she will have plenty of room to expand in. The old walls were pulled down in 1854, and the *Ensanche*, or "Extension," has since been gradually covering itself with new buildings to the north of the historical city.

The first part of Barcelona in which the traveller finds himself is pretty sure to be her famous *Rambla*, which is to Barcelona what the Boulevards are to Paris, what Princes' Street is to Edinburgh—the most important of her public places, her pet promenade, the main artery of her social life, the busiest scene of her existence, generally, and the focus of whatever is most pleasant, polite, or picturesque. The *Rambla* runs from the sea-line in a direction somewhat west of north, and standing in its centre, you

have the hills before you at the upper end, and the blue streak of the Mediterranean at the lower. The middle part of the Rambla is entirely reserved to foot-passengers, and carriages have a road of their own on each side. Two lines of trees border the promenade all the way, and form a long vista of charming cool green fringes to look down during the burning, radiant, summer weather. There are more than a hundred of these trees in each line from end to end—American planes, or, as the Americans call them, sycamores. In the mild southern winter the leaves continue to hang, and though they lose their colour, are supplanted so quietly that one is never conscious of a period of fall and desolation. Indeed, there is hardly any winter, in the northern sense, in Barcelona; there are only two summers, one mild and one fierce. Hence the laws of vegetation seem to reverse themselves oddly to English eyes. You have green peas (which have sprouted under the protection of the vine-stumps) at Christmas, and roses begin to go out when June comes, which is too hot for them. The Rambla takes different names at different parts of its course, and one section is called the *Rambla de las Flores*. There the country-women sit under the trees and sell bouquets of many-hued flowers, according to the season—delicate white Majorca violets, set round a camelia; large rich magnolias; roses, carnations, and jessamines without end. You find yourself jostling a slender young orange-tree to the peril of its lamp-like fruit, or tumbling over a heap of melons; and sometimes, higher up, both sides of the way are filled with bird-cages. On feast-days the whole Rambla is full of people from end to end. But there is always the flow and ebb of life there, in more or less degree, from sunrise to midnight. And curious it is to see in the variety of type and costume, the mingled Spanish, Catalan, and cosmopolitan elements—the deep-rooted provincialism of Catalonia modified by Castilian ascendancy and French influences. The Catalan is not handsome or pleasant-looking, either man or woman. The most picturesque figure is the man of the common people, in his purple or scarlet cap, his jacket, sash, and sandals;—or the woman, with a coloured handkerchief round her head. In the other classes there is nothing like uniformity. The ladies wear mantillas, or varieties of lace veils, at church, though fashion is beating tradition even at church. But in a general way they dress after the French, and dress too much. The old Catalan respectable man is the type of the commercial-prosaic—clean shaven, soberly attired, with a cunning, reserved, smoke-dried, and, on the whole, melancholy countenance. Indeed, the conventional talk about “southern gaiety” finds no confirmation in anything one sees in Catalonia. There is a horrible keenness in money matters, a horrible closeness in social life, and the amusements are of the universal modern type, with nothing specially southern about them. If the old Catalans look respectable, narrow, and weary, their sons are livelier, without being more interesting. A sallow, yellow, under-built race, they dress like third-rate *flâneurs* of the Boulevards, and have an almost morbid love for shiny boots. *huz. dices to see influence within a ul*

But I have got my reader on the *Rambla de las Flores*; and I would ask him to turn in and take a look at the neighbouring market on the western side of it. At the very threshold we are met by a touch of Catalan comedy. There are some fine houses hereabouts, at the upper end of the *Rambla*; houses painted with frescoes, the graceful figures on which look quite natural in an open air so soft and balmy as this. But there is no more imposing house than the one *through* which, and its *patio* or courtyard, we pass to the market, and the lower part of which is filled with stalls for petty traffic. An escutcheon of six quarterings stands over the front, and as you pass under the windows round the first floor (*piso primero*) you get a glimpse of some pictures. The truth is, that this palace belonged to a viceroy of Peru, whose widowed daughter fell into the hands of a knowing attorney, whose family (somehow) got it for themselves, and have turned it to account by letting the lower portions. There is an odd thick thread of pecuniary prose always running through the poetry of southern magnificence. In Barcelona a man builds himself a stately dwelling, lets three-fourths of it, and occupies the rest. Of course he must keep a carriage, so the stable is part of the establishment, through which it diffuses its characteristic odour, while the man who cleans it passes out of the courtyard, and his basket encounters that of the cook as she comes in from market.

Market is a place of supreme importance in a country where the larder does not exist, and where everybody acts on the maxim—sufficient for the day are the purchases thereof. If a Catalan wants to give you a notion of the importance of a family he says that they send so many dollars to the market every morning. Accordingly, entering in the cool hours before breakfast, we find a swarm of women, handkerchief on head and basket on arm, come to dispense the money of the day, and pushing through the crowded lanes between the stalls, amidst a roar of gruff, harsh Catalan—one of the least sweet of spoken tongues. The fish-market is held in a circular building, with iron bars and canopy, clothed half-way up with coarse matting. The fish are stronger in classical associations than in personal excellence. Here is the coarse heavy tunny in thick slices. *Æschylus* and *Aristophanes* have both drawn illustrations from him, but he is harder to eat than their Greek is to construe. The Spaniards consider the tunny plebeian food, fit only for the *populacho*: "*Atun, por la gente comun,*" they say. Passing the sombre-looking tunny, we come to a sparkling group of red mullet—in Spanish *salmonetes*, in Catalan *molls*. A celebrated Roman gave about fifty pounds for one: *multum sex millibus emit*. I confess that I find him, like a prize poem, classical but dry. The mackerel are very ordinary; so likewise the soles; and the eels (*anguilas*) from the mouth of the *Llobregat*—the ancient *Rubricatum*—are "of the earth, earthy." Upon the whole, our best fish in Catalonia is the *merluza*, the Catalan *llus*. His flavour resembles that of the haddock, though he is not equal to the haddock of the Firth of Forth. The Spaniards, after coating the *merluza* with eggs and bread-crumbs, fry

it in oil. It is also good to English palates, boiled or broiled; and cold, makes an excellent *mayonnaise*. All fish, I may observe, is dear in this part of the world. The currency consists of copper *cuartos*, of which eight make a *real*, or twopence-halfpenny. Four *reales* make a *peseta*, or franc; and there are five *pesetas*, that is to say, *twenty reales*, in a *duro*, or dollar. The piece answering to our sovereign is the gold *isabelino*, named after her late unlamented Majesty. Accounts are kept sometimes in dollars, but more commonly in *reales* or *rials*. Now our friend the *merluza* is as much as five or six rials a pound. Beef (*buey*) and mutton (*carnero*) are cheaper; about sixpence a pound. There are beef-butchers and mutton-butchers, each stall announcing its article. Poultry is very dear, but the Spaniards buy it in little pieces, to add a charm to the *puchero* or pot, which in Catalonia, as all over Spain, forms the standing dish of the dinner. It is a stew of different pieces of meat and vegetables, the soup of which forms course first. If a Spaniard eats a dinner of three courses, he will sometimes name them familiarly after the three chief court-cards. The soup is the *sota*, our knave; the stew itself, the *caballo*, answering to our queen, for there is no queen in the Spanish pack; and the third piece is the *rey*, or king, called also the *principio*. This may be anything better than the *puchero*; and is often fish, game, or a more delicate piece of meat than ordinary.

While dealing with these details, suggested by our visit to the market, I may note that the Catalan is thoroughly Spanish in all matters of domestic life and hospitality. He may be a heavier feeder than other Spaniards, as Ford seems to have thought; but, like other Spaniards, his style of feeding is shabby, and as for hospitality, he is utterly destitute of it. Dinner-giving in all its varieties, from set dinner-parties to pot-luck, is unknown throughout Iberia. They seem to look on the mahogany-tree as an *arbor infelix*. A Spaniard, to be sure, if called away to his meal while you are talking together, will ask you to join him, but he would think you extremely ill-bred if you accepted. And, on the other hand, it is not without difficulty that you can persuade him that you are in earnest if you ask him to dine with you. His first impulse is to believe that you only intend it as a matter of form. Once set down to dinner, however, your Catalan plays a good knife and fork, though a suicidal use of the former is commoner than it ought to be. In a general way he is like other branches of the nation, sober, and is disposed to gird at the English for their comparative attachment to the bottle. But a Catalan will take no ignoble quantum, if another man—especially if a foreigner—is paying for it. The common people of Catalonia, a sturdy, broad-shouldered race, certainly moisten themselves well with the abundant wine of their land,—the *Vitisfera Laetania*. To see what the Dutch painters used to depict as “Boors Drinking,” is one of the most pleasantly comic sights of Cataluña. They drink successively from a vessel with a small spout rising at a sharp angle; and as the spout must never touch their lips, the wine descends in a fine curve, the sight of which adds to

the intellectual charm of mathematical precision the pictorial charm of rich colour. There are masters of the art, I am told, who can dispose of something like a bottle in this way without drawing breath. The Catalan working-folk are industrious and punctual, and of average intelligence. They live sparingly, and can be content with a meal consisting of a lump of bread, a couple of sardines, an olive or two, and a ha'porth of wine out of a leathern bottle—the Catalan *bot*. History has been harsh to these poor fellows, saddling them with a detestable centralized government, acting through an ignorant, corrupt, too-numerous bureaucracy; and with a clergy the mass of whom are greasy, illiterate fanatics, practising the rites of a superstition almost amounting to fetish-worship. But Nature has been kind. Their climate is delicious, and their wants are few. Fruit, oil, vegetables, tobacco, wine, and *aguardiente* make life enjoyable to them, and, as a rule, lie within tolerably easy reach. This is a fact of great importance in the present troubled times. And there would have been a different history to write of the last nine months in Catalonia if the cotton-mills had not, on the whole, been able to keep the workmen employed, in spite of the depression of trade.

The Barcelonese live so much in public, and in the open air, that it is as well for us, after this glance at the market, to continue our stroll down the Rambla towards the sea. The houses, we observe, are high, and fully inhabited, since the people live in *pisos*, or "flats," to use the Edinburgh word, at various rents, from twenty and thirty dollars (now-a-days, by-the-by, the dollar is always reckoned at fifty pence English), up to sixty, seventy, eighty, and a hundred dollars a month. *Pisos* of the last-mentioned figure are exceedingly rare. In the *Eusanche* before-mentioned, the new houses are a great deal more civilized in some important details than older ones. There are national and local features, however, pervading all: floors of polished brick; mattings instead of carpets; and *mirandas*, a kind of balconies, are common in front, at which you see the women sitting to knit in the hot parts of the year, shaded by striped curtains, which fall from above. Home life, however, is but an inferior part of Barcelonese life. Home is a place for the *pu-hera*, and the night's rest. Its elegance is all concentrated on one saloon, kept for show and visitors only; just as, on the other hand, the careful dressing of its mistress is reserved for the promenade and the theatre. The *Mode* is better known in Barcelona than the *Débats*; but yonder señora, in a looped-up silk dress, and large knotted sash, with rosettes in her high-heeled grey shoes, and gold-handled fan, is a sad dowdy and slattern at home. As for that young *pollo*, or dandy, with the carnation in his button-hole, no wonder the carnation looks fresher than he—it has been this morning in cold water. For a southern city, for a city that stands on the sea, and, above all, for a city that was once Roman, Barcelona is deplorably behindhand in the matter of baths. Sensual luxuries of a less noble kind tempt us at various points of the Rambla. The confectionery, ices, fruit, are good, and the foreigner learns to eat his straw-

berries with orange-juice squeezed over them. The *cafés*, which are large and showy buildings, offer in summer time many cool and innocuous drinks unfamiliar to the mass of the North—such as *agraz*, made from the unripe grape; and *orchatas* of almond, or the Valencian berry *chufa*; besides ices (*sorbetes*), of course. It is remarkable of the Spaniard that, though the soberest man in Europe, he has a mortal aversion to drinking pure cold water. He always puts something in it; the favourite thing being coloured sugar, which is made—(by some process like glass-blowing, I fancy, for the result looks not unlike fancy blown glass)—into light, crisp, airy curls of sugar, called *azucarillos*, *esponjados*, *bolados*, and by other names. One of these he dissolves into every glass of water that he may drink, or if not, some rose-scented syrup or other, equally strange to British eyes. The time spent by the Barcelonese, as by all other Spaniards and Southerners, in *cafés*, is something prodigious. From mid-day to midnight they are more or less full; anybody of any position can with perfect propriety take his wife and children there; the steam of coffee and chocolate, the roar of talk, the smoke of countless cigars and cigarettes, the notes of the piano, drive the idle hours along. As for smoking, your Spaniard, as all the world knows, smokes for ever—and I think, everywhere—with the sole exception of church. They smoke in public offices and banks, between the courses at dinner, and at funerals; and if they do not light up in the cathedral itself, yet they will in the cloisters. That “they do spit the better for it,” as Rabelais says, may be readily believed. The Spaniard spits freely even in church and when on his knees, with as little scruple as his daughter feels about fanning herself under her black lace veil during the same solemn moments.

In descending the Rambla, we pass on our right the *Liceo*, said to be the largest opera-house in Europe, excepting the two famous ones of Milan and Naples. It is a noble theatre; but, somehow, the property is so arranged,—those who found the money to build it being in possession of the best boxes,—that it is exceedingly difficult for any management to make a profitable season. The highest class of singers are never heard there. But recently even a fair company has failed of success; though, to be sure, the last few years have been years of trial for all commercial cities; and the excitement of the September revolution was succeeded immediately by a paralytic stroke to trade. The opera of Barcelona will be one of the earliest things to revive, for music and theatres divide with the café and the promenade, the whole affection of the mass of Barcelonese society. The suburbs beyond the Rambla, to the north, through which runs another promenade, the *Paseo de Gracia*, contain several little theatres, where concerts, balls, and Spanish and Catalan plays are the order of the summer nights. In some of these places the youth of Catalonia amuses itself by firing at tethered rabbits and pigeons, which are also kept to be shot at in the ordinary pistol-galleries of the town. Whatever the provincialism of the Catalan in other respects, he is quite Spanish in his cruelty. The bull-ring of Barcelona, which stands to the

east of the city near the railway station, is ranked as the second largest in Spain, and holds more than eleven thousand spectators. No doubt the bull-fight, which arose in Andalusia, and still has its head-quarters there, is not an indigenous production of Catalonia; but the Catalan has long since taken very kindly to it; and the extension of the railway system enables him to have the crack Andalusian bull-fighters in his ring regularly,—bringing bulls from the Andalusian breeding-grounds, in special cages (*jaulas*) made for their conveyance, and supplied with their own proper local food till the hour comes for them to be tortured and slaughtered. The "sport" began this summer at Barcelona on Sunday the 6th June, when, in honour of the promulgation of the new Constitution, seven bulls and about twenty horses were killed in the presence of nearly eight thousand persons.

From the barbarism of some of its amusements, and the emptiness and insipidity of others, it may be readily gathered, that culture at Barcelona is at a low ebb. The tawny old fogies of the *casinos*, or clubs, potter over the windy Spanish newspapers, as their only intellectual recreation, and may be seen at the card-table long before the evening has set in. Next to making money, they love playing for it; gambling is, on the whole, a rather marked feature of their society; and it is well worth observing that the considerable fortunes made in the city (as distinct from those decent ones made in trade in its narrowest sense), are often the fruits of equally irregular, hazardous, and disreputable ways of winning money. The under-bred man, with the over-dressed wife, whose carriage rolls by you on the *Paseo*, may only have accumulated his wealth by selling bacon and brandy to the coloured folk of the Havana. But, as likely as not, under pretence of being a manufacturer, he has been in league with French smugglers, one of whose great *dépôts* is, or used to be, Huesca, in the neighbouring province of Arragon. Or he has made a great *coup* through the blackest jobbery, as a contractor for railways, the history of which, in Spain, rivals anything described in *Gil Blas*. But however he has acquired his money, the Catalan is essentially a shopkeeper rather than a merchant in the honourable old English sense. He has none of the public spirit of the men of Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, and Dundee; founds no schools, gardens, picture-galleries, or libraries. The port of Barcelona, for instance, needs dredging, enlarging, protecting; to raise the port dues is all that occurs to a Catalan capitalist, or his government, by way of remedy. Now, this policy defeats itself, as far as the nation is concerned; since foreigners raise the freights proportionately, and so, the increase falls upon the Spanish consumer at last. And in the same way, the protection which the same man clamours for, condemns his fellow-countrymen to wear inferior clothes, or to pay high for foreign goods smuggled and over-taxed. An English gentleman in Barcelona having clothes sent him by his London tailor, through Marseilles, has to pay fifty per cent. upon them, twenty-five because they are "clothes made," and the other twenty-five because they are "goods prohibited." And it

is worth his while. The last article is rigidly enforced, since the authorities of the custom-house divide the plunder. And the Spanish officials, when not corrupt cheats,—as often happens,—are greedy as kites in any case. There are far too many of them, to begin with; they are badly and irregularly paid; their appointments are jobs, and they know that they will be turned out by rival jobbers at the next change of government. The testing question of the late revolution, in the long run, will be—what has it done to improve *this* state of things? The fall of the Bourbons was an undoubted good, to begin with; but it is now high time to substitute something better for them. Catalonia's political contribution, I grieve to say, has *not* been valuable. The political "Lions of Catalonia" are mere lions' skins: republicans of the French type, without French brains or vigour. One of them has tried blasphemy by way of reforming the church; and all have done their best to hamper their feeble brother Catalan, Figuerola, the Finance Minister, in his well-meaning but awkward attempts to forward the cause of free trade.

Considering the claims to a great mediæval position made for Barcelona, her ancient public buildings are scarcely up to the mark, and must not be compared with those of the Low Countries. If her modern life is best seen in the Rambla, her ancient life is best mused over in the old streets which lie to the east of the Rambla. On the west, indeed, the very ancient monastery of St. Pablo well deserves inspection; and the historic citadel of Monjuich rises over the city and sea, crowned with many recollections,—however unfitly provided with the costly artillery of modern war. It is the other side, however, (to your left, descending from the market as we were just now,) that contains the kernel of Barcelona's historical interest. In the more old-fashioned *calles* there, the cosmopolitan, quasi-French character of the town disappears; but losing in brilliance, it gains in quaintness, and old Spanish effect. High, narrow, winding streets are traversed, with projecting roofs and water-spouts, like those of Zaragoza. You drop upon deserted old edifices guarded, apparently, only by forgotten trees. Lofty lanes, paved with irregular white stones, seem to slide you gently down at the doors of venerable churches. And, after wandering no great distance,—for, as in all old cities long walled in, much life is stowed in these lofty houses,—you find that you have seen something of the most important seats of ancient religion and civil government: the Cathedral, the churches of Mary of the Pine, and Mary of the Sea,—

By many names men call her,
In many homes she dwells,—

the Town-hall, or *Casas Consistoriales*, the Parliament-house, or *Casa de la Diputacion*. Much is altered and spoiled; and it is impossible, perhaps, to find a single relic of the old Barcelona, which one can contemplate without condemning the new.

For my own part, my favourite way of entering the Cathedral of Barcelona is not up the broad steps which front it—not by the main door

below the pale-coloured wide-extending *fachada*. I like to step down into the old cloisters out of the narrow quiet street which contains—in comfortable proximity to the sacred building—the sleepy, silent palace of the *obispo*, or bishop. No kitchens of a Spanish city could be cooler or more silent, in the interval between a grand ball given by a British squadron and its sailing—(and here I am using a strong comparison, and I know it!)—than those old cloisters. Their desolation, nay, their seediness—(though seediness is properly the prose of decay, as distinct from its poetry)—add to their charm. The flagstones below you are dirty and uneven; you can barely distinguish the symbols on them of the forgotten Catalan traders at rest beneath. In the chapels round the sides, whatever is ancient is neglected, whatever is modern is tawdry. Their highly curious and beautiful ironwork is encrusted and mouldering; the paintings behind are dim and dying; and the deep religious sentiment of their quaint figures seems to struggle through the mist of time to make itself felt. But nature comes to the rescue. The open court is all alive with tall orange and lemon-trees; and a fountain, itself of interesting workmanship, sends up, to meet the constant sunshine, a perpetual play of sparkling water. To stand against the rails of this garden-court, and look up at the belfry-towers—visible all over the Barcelonese plain—of the cathedral, is a good way of seizing its external effects.* The chapels gain upon you by increased study; they, and the brilliant Southern nature in the court, relieve each other mutually. Nor is a touch of homely comedy wanting to these cloisters. From time immemorial, what I suppose I ought to call a chapter of geese has occupied the court, and refreshed itself at the fountain; and as Spain is going on at present, their order may outlast that of the canons. Indeed, they are surer of their provision than the canons as it is; for, since the revolution, the clergy have been constantly kept waiting for their pay.

Often in the afternoons, after musing in these cloisters over the decay of Spain, and its obstinate adherence to the letter of the Middle Ages, whose spirit it has lost, and whose monuments it allows to rot when it does not destroy them, I pass into the cathedral, and hear the canons chant the vespers. There are, perhaps, not twenty persons present under the lofty roof, with its slender graceful columns, at these services, on ordinary days, to hear the monotonous roll rising within the choir in the centre of the building, and to see the waning light diffuse itself through the painted glass of the dim, gravely beautiful, rather than grand or awful pile. Within, as without our cathedral, a comic Catalan element relieves the severity of reverence. There is a breed of geese in the cloisters. There is a "Saracen's head" hanging from the organ, fierce, hirsute, decked with earrings. The carving of the seats of the choir, the chapel crypt below the altar, and, of course, many other things here, are truly remarkable. But my object is to view each of my "lions" as a whole;

* Mr. Street has happily selected a point from which to draw them in his *Gothic Architecture of Spain*.

to specify and characterize the elements which compose them; not to analyze or describe those elements in detail.

As to this special element,—the old ecclesiastical architecture of Barcelona, symbol of the vigorous faith of the days of the city's greatness,—it is best studied, by one who has already seen the cathedral, in the churches named before, that of Mary of the Pine and Mary of the Sea. The Norman contribution to Catalan architecture has often been pointed out. Those churches, also, are large, open, popular churches in their arrangements, fit for a city which rose by the sea. Indeed, though Barcelona is now mainly a manufacturing place, its ancient and historical analogies are rather with Bristol than with Manchester. Its position was made by mediæval institutions and foreign trade; and whatever structures of any real greatness of character still exist bear the stamp of old times. In the middle ages, Barcelona was high, now she is only respectable. Accordingly, with many traces of the antique world which give her a tinge of poetry, she is indebted for her modern attraction, rather to her Mediterranean site and climate, than to any use she has made of her modern prosperity. The *Diario de Barcelona* (a foggyish, a provincial, but respectable print,) lately remarked, mournfully, that their city was the only one of its size without a museum. And this is true, for the visitor asking after an institution of the kind, and learning that there is something bearing the name in the *Riera de San Juan*, will be strangely disappointed if he takes his informant at his word. He will find a handful of Roman inscriptions, and another handful of fragments of mediæval ruins, lying round the court-yard of what was once a monastery of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. If he penetrates further he will be shown some vaults or cellars in which lie in dusty degradation, cheek by jowl, the wrecks of the two civilizations—the classical and the mediæval—that have formed Europe. A forlorn sight I never beheld. In one corner, partially visible, and stained with dirt, is a Roman sarcophagus, the reliefs over which are full of grace and nature. The faces of some of the figures are much worn,—water-eaten during the long period when this sarcophagus did duty as a tank, horse-trough, or something of the kind, at an hotel. In another corner is another sarcophagus with figures of not less excellence. A huge phallic figure of Terminus, in a mutilated condition, almost jostles the tomb of a prelate; and stands against the wall not many yards from a tender marble Madonna, whose face is the very ideal of spiritualised womanhood. A mailed crusader is slumbering near medallions of the heads of Roman ladies, and a stone coffin containing a human skull and bones lies open close by. What is, perhaps, the darkest corner of these cellars contains a heap of Roman *amphora*, and several busts of emperors or generals. Everything is on the floor in disorder, unarranged and uncared for. In short, the place is a lumber-room, a charnel-house of the arts. And the desolation of the mediæval remains is quite as complete as that of the Roman remains. The Pagans are not a bit worse treated than the Catholics of a few centuries since, whose religion is still

flourishing, and was, till within a few weeks ago, the only religion tolerated in the country.

And the work of destruction, be it observed, is still going on. Travellers may look in vain for valuable curiosities which existed when Mr. Ford was preparing his edition of 1855. Since September last, there have been knocked down by the municipal authorities, the old church of San Miguel, the church (with its convent) of Junqueras, and the convent of nuns called the Jerusalem. The first of these edifices contained a famous marine mosaic, now buried in the earth; and the cloisters of the second were esteemed of quite singular beauty. There is little difference in Spain between the man of conservatism and the man of change, as regards things literary or scientific. The priest hates learning, as implying criticism and inquiry, and bringing Pagan speculation and literature into prominence. The demagogue hates it as savouring of the past, towards which he has the blind rancour of the first French revolutionists. Between the two, all life intellectual languishes; and education is an affair of empty pretence. In this former Roman colony, this former seat of a court, with its bishopric and university, I should not know where to go if I wanted to buy a *Horace*, or the very commonest English book. The barber-surgeon still bleeds; the patient, dissatisfied with his doctor, sends for a witch; the dead poor are buried like dogs. The beautiful blue water of the port is poisoned from execrable drainage. Yet, ignorance and prejudice are so strong, that when the last severe attack of cholera fell upon the town, it was generally believed to have been brought by a (perfectly healthy) English squadron which had visited the roadstead (there is not water nor room for large vessels inside the port,) a little while before. On this occasion, there was such a rush to escape, that hundreds of people had to sleep at the railway stations.

Barring the risk of a whiff or two of a kind which everybody can fancy from what has been said, I know nothing more delightful, more gently exhilarating,—as distinct from the rough stimulant of northern brine,—than to loiter in the breeze which comes up from the southward and westward across the lovely water, upon the broad walk facing the harbour above the sea-wall. The city lies behind you with the old Monjuich watching over it at the west. To the east the eye glides over the long ranges of hills. The port has the vessels and flags of many nations nestling close up to its suburb of Barcelonetta. All is light and colour, from a sky worthy of the sea, and a sea worthy of the sky. The boats with their lateen-sails—most wing-like of all sails—give a life of their own to the delicate blue of the sea-wave. The troubles and barbarisms of the hour move away and leave you alone with tranquillizing natural beauty, and the deep sweet charm of classical recollection.

A Japanese Sermon.*

[Translated by ALGERNON BERHAM MITFORD, Secretary to H.M.'s Legation in Japan.]

INTRODUCTION.

SERMONS in Japan are not delivered as part of a service on a special day of the week, but are preached in courses, the delivery occupying about a fortnight, two sermons being given each day. In a great many cases the preachers are itinerant priests, who go from town to town, and village to village, lecturing. The locale is usually the main hall of a temple, or the guest-room of the resident priest. The audiences are composed of old people who, finding themselves near their end, wish to make their peace with heaven, and young girls who attend, doubtless, with every intention of profiting, but forget, as soon as they get outside the door, everything they have heard within. There are, of course, no pews or benches. The congregation squat on the mats, the preacher being accommodated with a cushion at the upper end of the room. In front of him is a reading-desk, on which he lays his sermon, and he holds in his hand a fan with which, from time to time, he raps the desk to emphasize his delivery, and wake the slumbering. Between the two sermons occurs an interval of ten minutes, introduced by the priest, with the words, "Well, let's take a puff" (of tobacco).

The following sermon is by a preacher of the "Shingaku" sect, which professes to combine all that is excellent in Confucianism, Buddhism, and Shintôism. It maintains the original goodness of the human heart, and teaches that we have only to follow the dictates of the conscience implanted in us at our birth, in order to be right.

The text is taken from the Chinese Classical Books, just as we take ours from the Bible. Jokes, stories, and pointed applications to members of the congregation are as common in these sermons as dry, rigid formality is with us.

Môshi † says, "Benevolence is the heart of man, Righteousness is the path of man. How lamentable a thing is it to leave the path and go astray, to cast away the heart and not know where to seek for it."

The text is taken from the first chapter of *Kôshi* (Chin: *Kao Tsû*), in Môshi. Now this quality, which we call benevolence, has been the subject of commentaries by many teachers, but as these commentaries have been difficult of comprehension, they are too hard to enter the ears of women

* The Sermons of Kiu Ô, vol. i. sermon 3.

† Môshi, the Japanese pronunciation of the name of the Chinese Philosopher Mêng Tsû, whom Europeans call Mencius.

and children. It is of this benevolence that, using examples and illustrations, I mean to treat. A long time ago there lived at Kioto a great physician, called Imaôji—I forget his other name; he was a very famous man. Once upon a time a man, from a place called Kuramaguchi, advertised for sale a medicine which he had compounded against the cholera, and got Imaôji to write a puff for him. Imaôji, instead of calling the medicine in the puff a specific against the cholera, mis-spelt the word cholera, so as to make it simpler; when the man who had employed him went and taxed him with this, and asked him why he had done it so? he answered with a smile, "As Kuramaguchi is an approach to the capital from the country, the passers-by are but poor peasants and woodmen from the hills; if I had written 'cholera' at length they would have been puzzled by it, so I wrote it in a simple way that should pass current with every one. Truth itself loses its value if people don't understand it. What does it signify how I spelt the word *cholera*, so long as the efficacy of the medicine is unimpaired?" Now was not that delightful? In the same way the doctrines of the sages are mere gibberish to women and children who cannot understand them. Now my sermons are not written for the learned. I address myself to farmers and tradesmen who, hard-pressed by their daily business, have no time for study; with the wish to make known to them the teachings of the sages, and carrying out the ideas of my teacher, I will make my meaning pretty plain by bringing forward examples and quaint stories. Thus, by blending together the doctrines of the Shintô, Buddhist, and other schools, we shall arrive at something near the true principle of things. Now positively, you must not laugh, if I introduce a light story now and then: levity is not my object, I only want to put things in a plain and easy manner.

Well then, the quality which we call benevolence is, in fact, a perfection, and it is this perfection which Môshi spoke of as the heart of man. With this perfect heart men, in serving their parents, attain to filial piety; in serving their masters they attain to fidelity; and if they treat their wives, their brethren, and their friends, in the same spirit, then the principles of the five relations of life will harmonize without difficulty. As for putting perfection into practice, parents have the special duties of parents; children have the special duties of children; husbands have the special duties of husbands; wives have the special duties of wives. It is when all these special duties are performed without a fault, that true benevolence is reached, and that again is the true heart of man.

For example, take this fan. Anyone who sees it knows it to be a fan; and knowing it to be a fan no one would think of using it to blow his nose in: the special use of a fan is for visits of ceremony, or else it is opened in order to raise a cooling breeze; it serves no other purpose. In the same way this reading-desk will not serve as a substitute for a shelf; again it will not do instead of a pillow; so you see a reading-desk also has its special functions for which you must use it. So if you look at your parents in the light of your parents and treat them with filial piety, that is

the special duty of children. That is true benevolence, that is the heart of man. Now although you may think that when I speak in this way, I am speaking of others and not of yourselves, believe me that the heart of every one of you is by nature pure benevolence. Now I am just taking down your hearts as a shopman does goods from his shelves, and pointing out the good and bad qualities of each: but if you will not lay what I say to your own accounts, but persist in thinking that it is all anybody's business but yours, all my labour will be lost.

Listen, you who answer your parents rudely and cause them to weep; you who bring grief and trouble on your masters; you who cause your husbands to fly into passions; you who cause your wives to mourn; you who hate your younger brothers and treat your elder brothers with contempt; you who sow sorrow broadcast over the world: what are you doing but blowing your noses in fans and using reading-desks as pillows? I don't mean to say that there are any such persons here; still there are plenty of them to be found—say in the back-streets of India for instance. Be so good as to mind what I have said.

Consider carefully; if a man is born with a naturally bad disposition, what a dreadful thing that is! Happily you and I were born with perfect hearts which we would not change for a thousand, no not for ten thousand pieces of gold: is not this something to be thankful for?

This perfect heart is called in my discourses "the original heart of man." It is true that benevolence is also called the original heart of man; still there is a slight difference between the two. However, as the inquiry into this difference would be tedious, it is sufficient for you to look upon this original heart of man as a perfect thing, and you will fall into no error. It is true that I have not the honour of the personal acquaintance of everyone of you who are present; yet I know that your hearts are perfect. The proof of this is that if you say that which you ought not to say, or do that which you ought not to do, your hearts within you are in some mysterious way immediately conscious of wrong. When the man that has a perfect heart does that which is imperfect, it is because his heart has become warped and turned to evil. This law holds good for all mankind. What says the old song? "When the roaring waterfall is shivered by the night-storm the moonlight is reflected in each scattered drop." * Although there is but one moon she suffices to illumine each little scattered drop! Wonderful are the laws of heaven! So the principle of benevolence, which is but one, illumines all the particles that make up mankind. Well then, the perfection of the human heart can be calculated to a nicety. So if we follow the impulses of our perfect heart in whatever we undertake we shall perform our special duties, and filial piety and fidelity will come to us spontaneously. You see the doctrines of this school of philosophy are quickly learnt. If you once thoroughly

* "The moon looks on many brooks,
The brooks see but one moon."—T. MOORE.

understand this there will be no difference in your conduct, and that of a man who has studied a hundred years.

Therefore I pray you to follow the impulses of your natural heart. Place it before you as a teacher and study its precepts. Your heart is a convenient teacher to employ for there is no question of paying fees, and no need to go out in the heat of summer or the cold of winter to pay visits of ceremony to your master to inquire after his health. What admirable teaching this is by means of which you can learn filial piety and fidelity so easily! Still suspicions are apt to arise in men's minds about things that seem to be acquired too cheaply, but here you can buy a good thing cheap and spare yourselves the vexation of having paid an extravagant price for it. I repeat, follow the impulses of your hearts with all your might. In the *Chiō yu*, the second of the Books of Confucius, it is certified beyond a doubt that the impulses of nature are the true paths to follow, therefore you may set to work in this direction with your minds at ease. Righteousness then is the true path, and righteousness is the avoidance of all that is imperfect. If a man avoids that which is imperfect there is no need to point out how dearly he will be beloved by all his fellows. Hence it is that the ancients have defined righteousness as that which ought to be, that which is fitting. If a man be a retainer it is good that he should perform his service to his lord with all his might. If a woman be married it is good that she should treat her parents in law with filial piety and her husband with reverence. For the rest, whatever is good, that is righteousness, and the true path of man.

The duty of man has been compared by the wise men of old to a high road. If you want to go to Yedo or to Nagasaki, if you want to go out to the front of the house or to the back of the house, if you wish to go into the next room or into some closet or other, there is a right road to each of these places; if you do not follow the right road, scrambling over the roofs of houses and through ditches, crossing mountains and desert places, you will be utterly lost and bewildered. In the same way if a man does that which is not good he is going astray from the high road. Filial piety in children, virtue in wives, truth among friends—but why enumerate all these things which are patent? All these are the right road and good; but to grieve parents, to anger husbands, to hate and to breed hate in others; these are all bad things, these are all the wrong road. To follow these is to plunge into rivers, to run on to thorns, to jump into ditches, and brings thousands upon ten thousands of disasters. It is true that if we do not pay great attention we shall not be able to follow the right road; fortunately we have heard by tradition the words of the learned Nakazawa Dōni: I will tell you all about that in good time. It happened that once the learned Nakazawa went to preach at Ikeda in the province of Sesshiu, and lodged with a rich family of the lower class. The master of the house, who was particularly fond of sermons, entertained the preacher hospitably, and summoned his daughter, a girl some fourteen or fifteen years old, to wait upon him at dinner. This

young lady was not only very pretty but also had charming manners ; so she arranged bouquets of flowers, and made tea, and played upon the harp, and laid herself out to please the learned man by singing songs. The preacher thanked her parents for all this and said, " Really it must be a very difficult thing to educate a young lady up to such a pitch as this." The parents carried away by their feelings, replied : " Yes—when she is married she will hardly bring shame upon her husband's family. Besides what she did now she can weave garlands of flowers round torches, and we had her taught to paint a little." And as they began to show a little conceit, the preacher said : " I am sure this is something quite out of the common run. Of course she knows how to rub the shoulders and loins, and has learnt the art of shampooing?" The master of the house bristled up at this, and answered : " I may be very poor, but I've not fallen so low as to let my daughter learn shampooing." The learned man smiling, replied : " I think you are making a mistake when you put yourself in a rage. No matter whether her family be rich or poor, when a woman is performing her duties in her husband's house she must look upon her husband's parents as her own. If her honoured father-in-law or mother-in-law fall ill, her being able to plait flowers, and paint pictures, and make tea, will be of no use in the sick-room. To shampoo her parents-in-law and nurse them affectionately, without employing either shampooer or servant-maid, is the right path of a daughter-in-law. Do you mean to say that your daughter has not yet learnt shampooing, an art which is essential to her following the right path of a wife? That is what I meant to ask just now. So useful a study is very important." At this the master of the house was ashamed, and blushing, made many apologies, as I have heard. Certainly the harp and guitar are very good things in their way, but to attend to nursing their parents is the right road of children. Lay this story to heart and consider attentively where the right road lies. People who live near haunts of pleasure, become at last so fond of pleasure that they teach their daughters nothing but how to play on the harp and guitar, and train them up in the manners and ways of singing girls, but teach them nothing of their duties as daughters, and then very often they escape from their parents' watchfulness and elope. Nor is this the fault of the girls themselves, but the fault of the education which they have received from their parents. I do not mean to say that the harp and guitar and songs and dramas are useless things. If you listen attentively all our songs incite to virtue and condemn vice. In the song called " The Four Sleeves " for instance, there is the passage : " If people knew beforehand all the misery that it brings, there would be less going out with young ladies to look at the flowers at night." Please give your attention to this piece of poetry. This is the meaning of it. When a young man and a young lady set up a flirtation without the consent of their parents, they think that it will all be very delightful, and find themselves very much deceived. If they knew what a sad and cruel world this is, they would not act as they do. The quotation is

from a song of remorse. This sort of thing happens but too often in the world.

When a man marries a wife he thinks how happy he will be, and how pleasant it will be keeping house on his own account; but, before the bottom of the family kettle has been scorched black, he will be like a man learning to swim in a field, with his ideas all turned topsy-turvy,—and, contrary to all his expectations, he will find the pleasure of housekeeping to be all a delusion. Look at that woman there! Haunted by her cares, she takes no heed of her hair, or of her personal appearance. With her head all untidy, her apron tied round her as a girdle, with a baby twisted into the bosom of her dress, she carries some wretched bean-sauce which she has been out to buy. What sort of creature is this? This all comes of not listening to the warnings of parents, and of not waiting for the proper time, but rushing suddenly into housekeeping:—and who is to blame in the matter? Passion, which does not pause to reflect. A child of five or six years will never think of learning to play the guitar for its own pleasure. What a ten million times miserable thing it is when parents, making their little girls hug a great guitar, listen with pleasure to the poor little things playing on instruments big enough for them to climb upon, and squeaking out songs in their shrill treble voices. Now I must beg you to listen to me carefully. If you get confused and don't keep a sharp lookout, your children, brought up upon harp and guitar-playing, will be abandoning their parents, and running away secretly. Depend upon it, from all that is licentious and meretricious, something monstrous will come forth. The poet who wrote "The Four Sleeves," regarded it as the right path of instruction to convey a warning against vice. But the theatre, and dramas, and fashionable songs,—if the moral that they convey is missed,—are a very great mistake. Although you may think it very right and proper that a young lady should practise nothing but the harp and guitar until her marriage, I tell you that it is not so; for if she misses the moral of her songs and music, there is the danger of her falling in love with some man and eloping. While on this subject, I have an amusing story to tell you.

Once upon a time, a frog, who lived at Kioto, had long been desirous of going to see Osaka. One spring, having made up his mind, he started off to see Osaka and all its famous places. By a series of hops on all fours he reached a temple opposite Nishi-no-Oka, and thence by the western road he arrived at Yamazaki, and began to ascend the mountain called Tenôzan. Now it so happened that a frog from Osaka had determined to visit Kioto, and had also ascended Tenôzan, and on the summit the two frogs met, made acquaintance, and told one another their intentions; so they began to complain about all the trouble they had gone through and had only arrived half way after all. If they went on to Osaka and Kioto their legs and loins would certainly not hold out: here was the famous mountain of Tenôzan, from the top of which the whole of Kioto and Osaka could be seen: if they stood on tiptoe and

stretched their backs and looked at the view, they would save themselves from stiff legs. Having come to this conclusion, they both stood up on tiptoe and looked about them; when the Kioto frog said, "Really, looking at the famous places of Osaka which I have heard so much about, they don't seem to me to differ a bit from Kioto. Instead of giving myself any further trouble to go on, I shall just return home." The Osaka frog, blinking with his eyes, said, with a contemptuous smile, "Well, I have heard a great deal of talk about this Kioto being as beautiful as the flowers, but it is just Osaka over again. We had better go home." And so the two frogs politely bowing to one another, hopped off home with an important swagger.

Now although this is a very funny little story, you will not understand the drift of it at once. The frogs thought that they were looking in front of them, but as when they stood up their eyes were in the back of their heads, each was looking at his native place all the while that he believed himself to be looking at the place he wished to go to. The frogs stared to any amount it is true, but then they did not take care that the object looked at was the right object, and so it was that they fell into error. Please listen attentively. A certain poet says, "Wonderful are the frogs! though they go on all fours in an attitude of humility, their eyes are always turned ambitiously upwards." A delightful poem! Men, although they say with their mouths, "Yes, yes. Your wishes shall be obeyed:—certainly, certainly, you are perfectly right," are like frogs with their eyes turned upward. Vain fools, meddlers ready to undertake any job, however much above their powers. This is what is called in the text "casting away your heart, and not knowing where to seek for it." Although these men profess to undertake any earthly thing, when it comes to the point leave them to themselves—they are unequal to the task: and if you tell them this, they answer, "By the labour of our own bodies we earn our money, and the food of our mouths is of our own getting. We are under obligations to no man. If we did not depend upon ourselves, how could we live in the world?" There are plenty of people who use these words "myself," and "my own," thoughtlessly and at random. How false is this belief that they profess! If there were no system of government by superiors, but an anarchy, then people who vaunt themselves and their own powers would not stand for a day. In the old days, at the time of the war at Ichino-tani, Minamoto no Yoshitsune* left Mikusa in the province of Tamba, and attacked Setsu. Overtaken by the night among the mountains, he knew not what road to follow: so he sent for his retainer, Benkei, of the temple called Musashi, and told him to light the "big torches" as they had agreed upon. Benkei received his orders and transmitted them to the troops, who immediately dispersed through all the valleys and set fire to the houses of the

* Yoshitsune, a great warrior of the 12th century, younger brother to Yoritomo, the founder of the Shōgunate.

inhabitants, so that one and all blazed up, and, thanks to the light of this fire, they reached Ichino-tani, as the story goes. If you think attentively, you will see the allusion. Those who boast about *my* warehouse, *my* house, *my* farm, *my* daughter, *my* wife, hawking about this "*My*" of theirs like peddlers,—let there once come trouble and war in the world, and for all their vaingloriousness they will be as helpless as turtles. Let them be thankful that peace is established throughout the world. The humane government reaches to every frontier: the officials of every department keep watch night and day: when a man sleeps under his roof at night, how can he say that it is thanks to himself that he stretches his limbs in slumber? You go your rounds to see that the shutters are closed, and the front-door fast, and, having taken every precaution, you lay yourself down to rest in peace. And what a precaution after all! A board, four-tenths of an inch thick, planed down front and rear until it is only two-tenths of an inch thick. A fine precaution in very truth! A precaution which may be blown down with a breath. Do you suppose such a thing as that would frighten a thief from breaking in? This is the state of the case. Here are men who, by the benevolence and virtue of their rulers, live in a delightful world, and yet, forgetting the mysterious Providence that watches over them, keep on singing their own praises. Selfish egoists! "My property amounts to five thousand ounces of silver. I may sleep with my eyes turned up, and eat and take my pleasure if I live, for five hundred or for seven hundred years. I have five warehouses and twenty-five houses. I hold other people's bills for fifteen hundred ounces of silver." And so he dances a fling* for joy, and has no fear lest poverty should come upon him for fifty or a hundred years. Minds like frogs with eyes in the middle of their backs! Fool-hardy thoughts! A trusty castle of defence indeed! How little can it be depended upon! And when such men are sleeping quietly how can they tell that their houses may not be turned into those "big torches" we were talking about just now, or that a great earthquake will not be upheaved? Such are the chances of this fitful world!

With regard to the danger of over-confidence, I have a little tale to tell you. Be so good as to wake up from drowsiness and listen attentively. There is a certain powerful murex, the surzaye, with a very strong lid to its shell. Now this clam, if it hears that there is any danger astir, shuts up its shell from within with a loud noise, and thinks itself perfectly safe. One day a snapper and another fish, lost in envy at this, said: "What a strong castle this is of yours, Mr. Murex; when you shut up your lid from within, nobody can so much as point a finger at you. A capital figure you make, sir." When he heard this, the murex, stroking his beard, replied: "Well gentlemen, although you are so good as to say so, it's nothing to boast of in the way of safety: still when I shut myself up thus, I do not feel much anxiety." And as he was speaking thus, with the pride that apes humility, there came the noise of a great splash, and the

* Literally, "A dance of the province Tosa."

murex, shutting up his lid as quickly as possible, kept quite still, and thought to himself what in the world the noise could be. Could it be a net? Could it be a fish-hook? What a bore it was always having to keep such a sharp look-out! Were the snapper and the other fish caught? he wondered, and he felt quite anxious about them: however, at any rate, *he* was safe. And so the time passed, and when he thought all was safe he stealthily opened his shell and slipped out his head, and looked all round him. There seemed to be something wrong, something with which he was not familiar. As he looked a little more carefully, lo and behold! there he was in a fishmonger's shop, with a card marked sixteen cash on his back! Poor shellfish! I think there are some people not unlike him to be found in China and India. How little self is to be depended upon! There is a moral poem which says: "It is easier to ascend to the cloudy heaven without a ladder than to depend entirely on oneself."

This is what is meant by the text, "If a man casts his heart from him he knows not where to seek for it." Think twice upon everything that you do. To take no care for the examination of that which relates to yourself, but to look only at that which concerns others, is to cast your heart from you. Casting your heart from you does not mean that your heart actually leaves you: what is meant is that you do not examine your own conscience. Nor must you think that what I have said upon this point of self-confidence applies only to wealth and riches. To rely on your talents, to rely on the services you have rendered, to rely on your cleverness, to rely on your judgment, to rely on your strength, to rely on your rank, and to think yourself secure in the possession of these, is to place yourselves in the same category with the murex in the story. In all things examine your own consciences. The examination of your own hearts is above all essential.

Here the preacher leaves his place.

Vacations.

MR. CREECH, it is said, wrote on the margin of the *Lucretius* which he was translating, "Mem.—When I have finished my book, I must kill myself," and he carried out his resolution. This story, true or false, is reported by Voltaire as characteristic of English manners, and represents a current French theory as to our national tastes. Life in England, if we may venture to draw the moral of the anecdote, is a dreary vista of monotonous toil, at the end of which there is nothing but death, natural, if it so happen, but if not, voluntary, without even a preliminary interval of idleness. To live without work is not supposed to enter into our conceptions. We are nothing but machines employed to execute a particular duty; and when that duty is done, we think it better to break up the machine than to allow it to rust into gradual decay. In this opinion we may, if we please, see nothing but French prejudice, or rather nothing but a particular case of that utter want of appreciation with which rival nations regard each other. Each people can understand the more serious occupations of its neighbour, but finds it hard to enter into its amusements. Everybody wants to eat and drink and sleep, but everyone has his own peculiar notion of pleasure. Seeing the spare time of foreigners employed on purposes for which we care little, we fancy that they must be intolerably bored. A sporting man imagines that life must be unendurable in a country where there are no horse-races, no prize-fights, and no *Bell's Life* to chronicle the glories of the turf or the cricket-ground. Yet, unreasonable as all such prejudices are said to be, we can sympathize to some extent with the feelings of the Frenchman in England. We can guess at the horror which overwhelms him if he has arrived on a Saturday night, and turns out for a Sunday walk along the streets of London. Imagining, as he would naturally imagine, that he is witnessing our mode of employing a day set apart for relaxation, he would shudder on picturing to himself the more serious moments of a nation whose pleasure so strongly resembles the settled gloom of other races. On holidays, we are just capable it would seem, of creeping along our streets in funereal processions, and relieving our woes by draughts of gin and "porter-beer." How is his imagination to paint the horrors of our working days? and is it strange if suicide seems to him to be the most fitting termination of such melancholy lives?

Let us suppose, however, that our friend recovers from this shock to his nerves, and penetrates the rough outside of English life. Will that domestic hearth, whose pleasures we are accustomed to celebrate, strike him as compensating by its glowing warmth for the chill fog without?

If, for example, he is fortunate enough to receive an invitation to one of those cheerful entertainments called evening parties, is he likely to be raised to an almost unbearable pitch of exhilaration? The theory on which they are constructed seems to imply the existence of an amazing faculty for amusement. We apparently consider it sufficient to cram into a room twice as many people as it will comfortably hold, to make them all happy. We love each other so much that we can't pack too tight. By squeezing a number of apples into a press we can produce cider; and it is apparently believed that in a sufficiently crowded mass of humanity, raised to the proper temperature, there takes place a kind of social fermentation, possessing a certain spiritually intoxicating influence. There is so much brotherly love, I suppose, permeating our constitutions, that it only requires pressure to bring it out. And therefore it may be from some peculiar moral perversion that in my case, and some others which I know, the fermentation somehow takes place the wrong way; it all turns sour; and besides detesting the gentleman who stands on my toes, and the other one whose bony framework is imprinted in my back, I suffer from a general misanthropy on such occasions, and receive awful revelations of the depths of human folly. That some persons are happy is perhaps probable; flirtations, for example, may take place at evening parties, as they certainly do in shipwrecks, in hospitals, in the interior of omnibuses, and other scenes of almost universal misery: but when I look round, with the conventional compromise between a scowl and a simper, I fancy that I catch many answering symptoms of disgust on the faces of fellow-sufferers. The true final cause of evening parties, it may be urged, is not pleasure, but business; they are frequented, as the Stock Exchange is frequented, with a view to ulterior profit, rather than with any expectation of immediate returns in the shape of amusement. They are the markets at which we extend our social connections; and, perhaps, if Mr. Mill be right, do a little in the way of slave-dealing. That people should hypocritically continue to express pleasure in attending them, if melancholy, is only in accordance with our usual practice in social grievances. We could not get on without a little lying; and, so long as music is not added to the other torments provided, I am ready to bear my part of the suffering with such stolid indifference as I can command.

We may suppose, however, that our foreigner is ready to extend his researches a little further. If he believes as implicitly as a man ought to believe in the thorough trustworthiness of the British press, he will learn that the Derby is the true national holiday. Its pleasures are so great that even our legislators relax in its favour their habitual regard to the duties of their station. It illustrates all our best qualities; our manly spirit of play, our power of self-government, our wonderful facility for keeping order without the presence of the military, our genuine politeness and felicitous combination of boisterous good-humour with freedom from anything like horseplay, and so on. And yet, I think, a sensible man will mentally ask himself, on his return, what on earth so many thousands

of people went out to see? That some answer must be found follows from the well-attested though melancholy fact that many persons have been to see the Derby twice; but what that answer is, I have never been able to discover. I do not speak of gamblers or professional persons; their motive is plain enough; though it may be observed, by the way, that nothing is so strong a proof of utter mental vacuity as a love of gambling; it is the pursuit of excitement pure and simple by a man who is capable of no nobler interest, and accordingly it is found to exist most strongly in savages, who, having nothing to do, will play for their scalps, and in those classes which most nearly approach the savage type in modern society and are forced to find a field for energies running to waste in field-sports, betting, and other such barbarous amusements. We can, however, dimly understand why a man should frequent a place where he is winning or losing thousands of pounds. But we may fairly assume that ninety out of a hundred attendants on Epsom Downs have no serious pecuniary interest, that they only know a horse as a four-legged animal generally forming part of a cab, and consequently that the mere sight of twenty such animals galloping for two or three minutes is not very exhilarating. Yet for this, at any rate, ostensible reason, they undergo a day of pushing and squeezing in railways and carriages, they are assailed by all manner of predatory humans, they stand for hours in rain, wind, and dust, and a large minority find their only intelligible pleasure in getting drunk. That, however, they might do at home; and it is not the motive of ladies or of many other persons who expose themselves to the inflictions of the day. I can understand the pleasure of a prize-fight or a bull-fight; I can believe that a gladiatorial show, when you had suppressed all humane feeling, must have been one of the most absorbing, if one of the most horrible, of amusements. I can even appreciate, though I have never shared, the pleasure of going to see a man hanged, or still more of seeing martyrs burnt. In all these there is a real spectacle of human suffering, and when they are properly managed, of human heroism, which may properly affect our sympathies. Athletic sports of all kinds are worth seeing, when we understand anything about them, as they possess something of the same interest without the counterbalancing horrors; but to see horses pass you like a flash of lightning gives to the mass of the crowd no pleasure that would not come equally from witnessing the throwing of dice or the drawing of a lottery. It is merely a question of whether a red or a blue jacket is first at a certain post. And, to be short, in accordance with the celebrated precedent of Artemus Ward, I treat the inquiry into the causes of this strange pleasure as a conundrum and give it up.

One conclusion, however, may be drawn, which is tolerably evident from other considerations. When a student is learning to paint, one of the great difficulties is to teach him what it is that he really sees. When he sits down before a landscape, it is twenty to one that he will try to represent, not the image of which he is supposed to be immediately

conscious, but something which other people have persuaded him that he ought to see and must see. He does not copy the direct impression on his senses, but some imaginary object, which, without knowing it, he has constructed partly from observation and partly from a long series of traditions and inferences and arbitrary associations. In the same way, one of the most difficult of things is to know what we really enjoy. We do something which we have been always taught to consider as a convivial proceeding, and fancy that we are in a high state of enjoyment. Nothing is easier in practice, though in theory nothing should be more difficult, than to deceive people about their own emotions, and to cheat them into a belief of their own happiness. This is the difficulty which lies at the bottom of all our conventional modes of enjoyment, and till somebody has the courage to unravel the complex web of associations which conceals us from ourselves, we go on stupidly suffering, in the sincere conviction that sixty minutes of weariness and vexation of spirits make up an hour of happiness. Many thousands of persons at the present moment are enjoying, or pretending to themselves that they are enjoying, a holiday. They will come back almost tired to death of their pleasures, and delighting to return to their business, and yet they will persuade themselves and others that they have passed an inconceivably agreeable vacation. To convince oneself of their mistake, it is enough to watch the British tourist at his so-called amusement. Of all the dreary places in this world, none, perhaps, is more depressing to a philanthropic mind than the ordinary English watering-place. That the lodging-house is a torment has become notorious. A workhouse or a gaol is bad enough; but their inmates are scarcely in more melancholy quarters than those gloomy rooms, at once bare and frowzy, with a large shell and a china shepherdess on the mantelpiece, a picture of the lord-lieutenant of the county on the walls, a slatternly landlady downstairs, and a select party of parasitical insects in the bedrooms, in which the English paterfamilias consumes uneatable food, and tries to recall London to his imagination by reading the *Daily Telegraph*, from its glowing leaders to its interesting advertisements. Mariana found the moated grange bad enough; but she was not tormented, so far as we know, with barrel-organs. Sailors confined through the winter to their ships in the Arctic seas are generally pitied; but they have a greater variety of amusements than the visitors of some miniature of London *super mare*. An ocean steamer appears to its passengers for the time as about the culminating point of human weariness; yet even there, if there is more sea-sickness, there is also more society and more excitement in the incidents of the voyage. A grown-up man cannot make mud-pies, or build castles in the sand with wooden spades, and he is not, as a rule, passionately devoted to donkey-riding. Yet, so far as I have been able to discover, either from personal observation or from a careful perusal of the pages of contemporary novels and newspapers, these seem to be the main amusements provided for an intellectual public. It is true that some persons are brutal enough to

amuse themselves by shooting gulls, in the spirit, I suppose, of the lady who, in one of Mr. Browning's poems, smashes a beetle, because, being wretched herself, she dislikes witnessing the enjoyment of other living beings. I rejoice that their cruelty is to be checked; but one cannot but ask oneself, what then are they to do?

Following the Briton abroad, we find him scarcely the better off for powers of enjoyment. Let any intelligent person strike into the tracks of a party of Mr. Cook's tourists and study their modes of passing the time. Watch them in picture-galleries, at churches, or in celebrated scenery, and try to determine whether their enjoyment be genuine, or a mere conventional parade. Two or three painfully notorious facts are enough to settle the question. The ordinary tourist has no independent judgment; he admires what the infallible Murray orders him to admire; or, in other words, he does not admire at all. The tourist never diverges one hair's breadth from the beaten track of his predecessors, and within a few miles of the best known routes in Europe leaves nooks and corners as unsophisticated as they were fifty years ago; which proves that he has not sufficient interest in his route to exert his own freedom of will. The tourist, again, is intensely gregarious; he shrinks from foreigners even in their own land, and likes to have a conversation with his fellows about cotton-prints or the rate of discount in the shadow of Mont Blanc: that is, when he imagines himself to be taking his pleasure abroad, his real delight consists in returning in imagination to his native shop. The tourist, in short, is notoriously a person who follows blindly a certain hackneyed round; who never stops long enough before a picture or a view to admire it or to fix it in his memory; and who seizes every opportunity of transplanting little bits of London to the districts which he visits. Though all this has been said a thousand times, the same thing is done more systematically every year, until one is inclined to reverse the old aphorism, and declare that every man is a hypocrite in his pleasures. We are supposed to travel mainly in search of the beautiful and the picturesque; and yet the faculty which takes pleasure in such things is frequently in a state of almost complete atrophy. Writers of poetry and florid prose have now for many years been singing the praises of lovely scenery, and it is considered disgraceful to be unmoved by mountains, lakes, and forests: but I suspect that four people out of five share Dr. Johnson's preference of the view at Charing Cross to the most charming of rural landscapes. Why, indeed, should it be otherwise? At Charing Cross there is something which we can all understand; there is that peculiar manufactory in which Mr. Matthew Arnold delights; there are omnibuses, and cabs, and beggars, and policemen, and shop-windows, and newspaper placards; and every one of those objects has a certain interest for the intelligent cockney. There is a long succession of little dramas, which appeal in one way or another to his sympathies, and a gratuitous exhibition of all the articles which are supposed to be suitable for his wants. Why should he go to look at a variety of green objects whose names and uses are a mystery to him, or to stare at a big cliff with

a mass of ice on the top of it, whose very size he is unable to appreciate? I believe that the appreciation of scenery, like that of art, requires careful study, and that a man must familiarize himself with natural objects and their various properties before he can understand the charms which they have for those who have grown up amongst them. To take a raw Londoner and, with no previous training of mind or eye, to place him in the midst of the finest scenery, is to subject him to an unfair trial. He has not acquired the inward sense to which it appeals; he has passed a life in a wilderness of dingy bricks and mortar, and regards the sun chiefly as a substitute for gas-lights; it is no wonder if he feels as bewildered and awkward as the countryman transplanted from the fields to Cheapside; and turns from the real beauties to congenial talk with his fellows, or at best, to admire some freak of nature which he can partly understand—a cliff that seems to be tumbling over, or a rock shaped like a human head. It is said that a man who has grown up amongst the “great unwashed” feels the first ablution to be a species of ingenious torture; and we cannot expect that the accumulated grime and soot of London streets will fall off at once on our immersion in the country. Indeed, to be honest, I think that there is something strained in our assumed love of scenery. For a change, it is well enough; Switzerland is an admirable relief to the Strand, for those who have a touch of true mountain fire: but even they would, I think, if they were honest, generally agree that in the long run the Strand is a pleasanter view than the Rhone Valley, and human nature a better ingredient in a picture than hills and woods. Both Lamb and Wordsworth, in the opinion of most people, went to extremes; but Lamb showed, to my mind, a healthier and more genuine taste in his love of London than Wordsworth in his love of the Lakes.

This, however, is beside the point. I care not what people's tastes may be, so long as they express them candidly and gratify them sincerely. But how are we ever to persuade people to enjoy themselves rationally, when they are in a secret conspiracy to hide their real likings from themselves and the world? And how are people to be made sincere? How am I to persuade a man that he sees what is before his eyes—that he likes the tastes which really please his palate—that he is comfortable, when his senses are all gratified, and not when somebody else tells him that they ought to be gratified? We suffer from such an inveterate habit of self-deception on all these points, that the task is almost hopeless. A lad may often be seen smoking a cigar, whilst turning green in the face and qualmish in the stomach, and not only declaring that he likes it, which is intelligible, but even proving it to his own entire satisfaction. If it were not for this strange faculty of self-imposition, I doubt whether anybody would ever learn to smoke; it accompanies us through life; grown-up men may often be observed who affect a dislike—supposed, for some strange reason, to be creditable—to anything sweet, and who as soon as the ladies have disappeared fall upon preserved fruits and bonbons with a marvellous appetite. How many similar practices are common in

more serious matters need hardly be pointed out. How would managers of concerts get on, or preachers of sermons draw congregations, or artists sell their pictures, if we did not spontaneously conspire to impose upon ourselves in regard to our own likings? But it is useless to point out how many of the arrangements by which society is knit together depend upon this tacit consent to the manufacture of factitious pleasures.

Let us, however, ask this one question. Assuming that a man is so eccentric as really to wish to enjoy himself, and not to persuade other persons that he is enjoying himself, how may he best set about it? And it may be admitted, in spite of the general rule, that there are in fact many persons who really like evening parties, and horse-races, and watering-places, and foreign tours, and that, without a certain substantial foundation of genuine enjoyment, the mere figment, the empty simulacrum of pleasure, would not be so permanent as it is. One great element of the satisfaction derived is, of course, the merely negative pleasure of indolence. We like to obtain a good background of utter inertia with which to contrast the ordinary activity of our lives. It may, however, be doubted whether any European nations are capable of doing nothing to perfection; and the English, next to the Americans, are probably the most incapable race in the world. The Eastern can placidly reduce himself to a state of temporary absorption into the infinite, or allow visions to float before his imagination as formless and transitory as the smoke from his narghili. At rare moments we may enter that elysium far enough to guess at its pleasures. Our blood may be charmed into "pleasing heaviness,"

Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly harnessed team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

But the waking comes quickly; and the dreams are not altogether easy. They are crossed by figures savouring unpleasantly of reality, and bringing with them disagreeable whiffs from the outer life. The nearest approximation that I have ever observed in holiday-makers to this blissful state of dreaminess is in those harmless enthusiasts who sit in punts on the Thames under some transparent pretence of fishing. The rush of the cool waters, the swaying of the weeds in the deep stream, the soft beauty of the quiet gardens and woods that slope to the bank, produce a mesmeric influence; the monotonous bobbing of the float is designed, as I imagine, to discharge a similar function to that of the metal disk which "electro-biologists" used to place in the hands of their victims; the act of gazing at it dazzles the eye and helps to distract the attention from outward things. The dim legends which still float about that at some former periods a punt-fisher has been known to have a bite, or even to catch a gudgeon, serve partly as an excuse, but chiefly to make the repose more delectable by the faint suggestion of a barely possible activity. It soothes without exciting the patient, as the distant plunge of the surf

helped the lotus-eater to enjoy his indolence by a half-formed reminiscence of his long past labour "in the deep mid-ocean."

It is given to few persons to enjoy such repose for long. We cannot lower our vital powers like the animals which lie torpid through the winter. There is a certain amount of energy always being generated within, and we are forced to discover some kind of channel into which it may be directed. That channel should be as different as possible from our ordinary walks in life; for rest means to us, not a simple repose, but the use of a different set of activities. The fault of our tourists is, that they have about as much ingenuity in discovering an outlet for their energies, as a man who, after ploughing in the fields all day, should at night take a turn on the treadmill by way of relaxation. And it must be confessed that, if a man has no love of art, does not care about nature, is thoroughly indifferent to books, and is fitted for no society except that in which he was born, it is rather difficult to supply him with a satisfactory object of amusement. A very large number of Englishmen (and I dare say of other persons) are fit only to be human mill-horses, plodding along one weary round. When you turn them out for a run in the fields, they instinctively fall into the same mechanical circling, and prove that they are cramped in nature as well as by physical constraint. They resemble that fabulous animal the "prock," whose two right legs were half the length of his left legs; and who could, consequently, only live on the side of a conical hill, which he was obliged to be perpetually perambulating in the same direction. Yet few men are so stupefied that they cannot, by a little care, select some, more or less satisfactory, hobby—a selection in which the whole secret of judicious holiday-making may be said to consist. And here is one counterbalancing benefit in the lamentable natural deficiency of which I have been speaking. Our pleasures, I have said, are as artificial as a lady's hair is sometimes asserted to be; we live by rule instead of by instinct, and fashion our amusements after some arbitrary model. Yet it is also true that almost any amusement may in time become amusing. We smoke, as boys, purely out of imitation; but the acquired habit becomes as strong as a primary instinct. A man who will take up any special pursuit, from whatever motives, will end by loving it, if he only acts his part with sufficient vigour. The real misfortune is, that not only do people deceive themselves as to their pleasures, but that they only half deceive themselves. They have a suppressed consciousness of their own hypocrisy, and therefore their occupation never generates a genuine passion. My first rule would be, take up some amusement for which you have a natural taste; and my second, act in any case as energetically as if you had one, and in time a very satisfactory artificial taste will be generated. It should, of course, give as much scope as possible for varied and long-continued pursuit; but devotion to any hobby whatever is preferable to a cold-blooded dawdling in obedience to general fashion after nothing in particular. Thus, for example, I remember reading the adventures of a gentleman who had made it the object of his

spare hours to see big trees. Why he had hit upon that particular fancy did not appear; he was not a botanist, nor a timber merchant, nor in any other pursuit which had any particular reference to trees. So far as I remember he was, at his normal state, a hard-working clergyman. But he had trees on the brain. He dreamt, at his spare moments, of trees hundreds of feet in height, and covering acres with their shade; when he had a day or two to spare, he visited the finest trees in England; when he had a longer holiday, he travelled through the continent in search of big trees. On one happy occasion he crossed the Atlantic, sailed up the Amazon, and penetrated the tropical forests of South America in the hope of finding some worthy object of his idolatry. Before this he has doubtless reached California by the Pacific Railway, and paid his respects to the gigantic pines in the Yosemite Valley. It is easy to imagine, not to play upon words, how this topic would branch out into all kinds of minor inquiries; how he would collect books on trees, pictures of trees, and statistical facts about trees; how, at moments when the composition of sermons was heavy upon his hands, the vision of some monster of the forest would float before his eyes, and enable him to return with fresh vigour to his work; how he would gradually acquire the pleasure of being the greatest living authority on one particular subject; and how he would look down from the heights of a genuine passion upon the miserable creatures who wander aimlessly and hobbilessly through the world, in obedience to the arbitrary dictates of the British traveller's bible.

The happy man who has selected his hobby always excites my admiration; whether it is sporting, or art, or athletic pursuits, or anti-quarianism, or what not, he is at least able to boast of a genuine enjoyment. To be perfect, it should be happily contrasted with the regular pursuits of his life, so as to give a proper relaxation to his faculties. We are all more or less in the position of those artisans whose physical frames are distorted by one special kind of labour, and like them, are in want of something to call a different set of muscles, physical or spiritual, into play. But some energetic pursuit is at all events a blessing, and nothing seems less wise than to ridicule those who have hit upon some pleasure, however unintelligible to the rest of mankind, which may fill their leisure hours.

Unluckily most people are stupid. Every genuine hobby is speedily surrounded by a crowd of mock articles. The man who hunts and likes it, as Mr. Trollope has told us, is counterfeited by numbers who hunt and don't like it. One enthusiast goes to a picture gallery because he loves art, and fifty because they have succeeded in persuading themselves that they love it. Half the accepted creeds in the world are not what people believe, but what they believe that they believe. Other feasts than the theatrical are made off pasteboard dishes, with guests quaffing deep draughts of emptiness from tinsel cups. Vacations are less a time of enjoyment than a time of general consent to be bored under a hollow show of enjoyment. The best hope for many of us is that by pretending

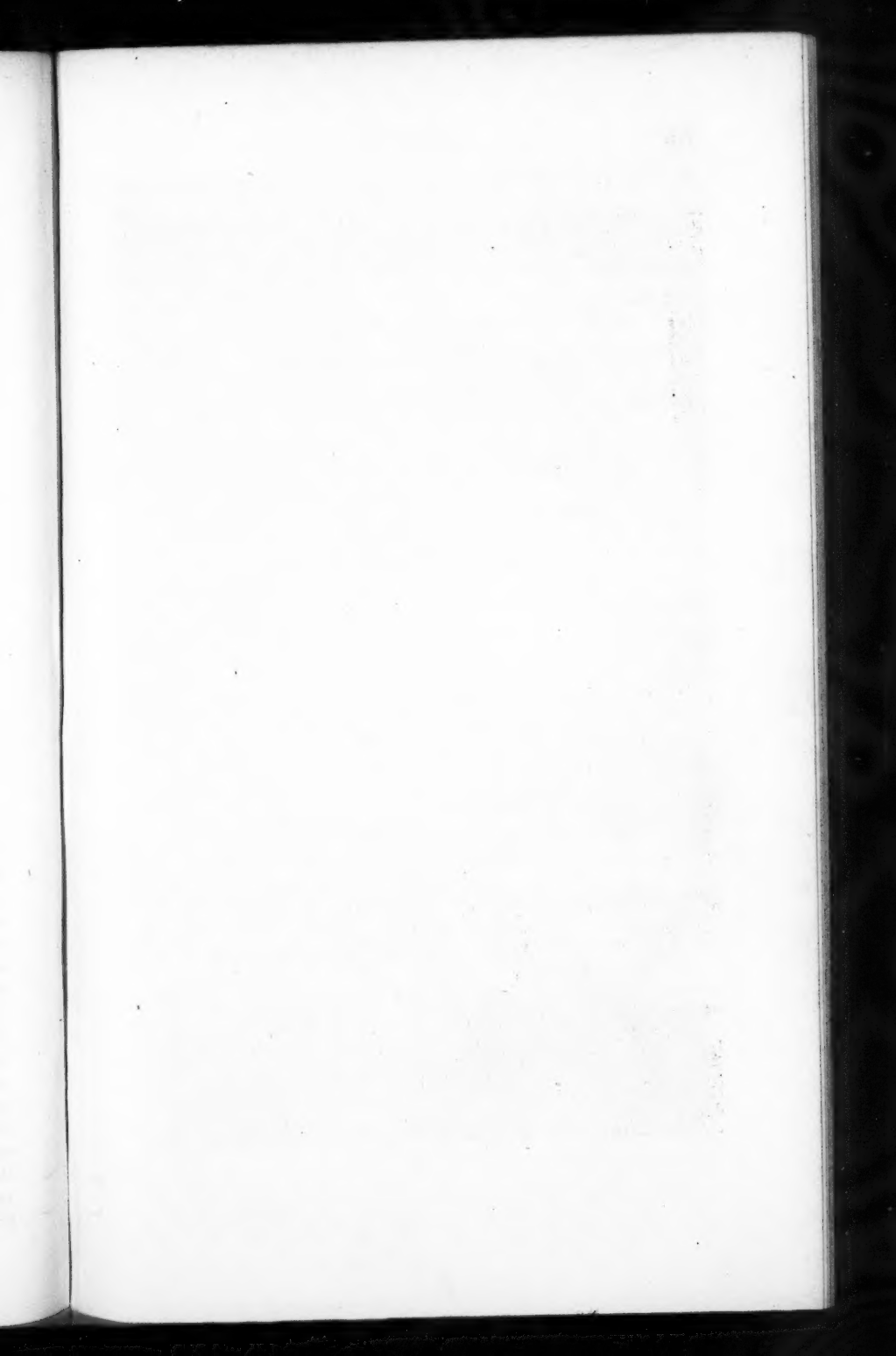
very hard, the pretence may come to have a sort of secondary reality ; and as a large part of the pleasure derived from any pursuit consists in the recollection of our performances, and in the stories which they enable us to repeat to our friends, that satisfaction is open to those who never really enjoy the original pleasure, but believe in their own assertions after they have made them half-a-dozen times. There comes a time when the past sham is almost as good as the past reality, and a man persuades himself that his report of his own ecstasies is more or less founded on facts. Meanwhile a little more sincerity would be a good thing, for it would at least deliver many devotees of the genuine pleasures of foreign travel from those worst of bores—their own countrymen.

A CYNIC.

Desolate.

I STRAIN my worn-out sight across the sea,
I hear the wan waves sobbing on the strand,
My eyes grow weary of the sea and land,
Of the wide deep and the forsaken lea :
Ah ! Love, return, ah ! Love, come back to me !—
As well these ebbing waves I might command,
To turn and kiss the moist deserted sand !
The joy that was, is not, and cannot be.
The salt shore, furrowed by the foam, smells sweet,
Oh ! blest for me, if it were now my lot,
To make this shore my rest, and hear all strife
Die out like yon tide's faint receding beat :
If he forgot so easily in life,
I may in death forget that he forgot.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.





SOLA.

Sola.

VIII.



THE tea-party was over—they were floating with the stream again, and travelling back at a rapid pace past the trim green rustic lawns at Wargrave towards Henley—past a desolate-looking island, where a barge was floating; past banks of wild roses, flowering and hanging in fanciful garlands: golden flags were springing, and lilies opening their chalices, and stars, white and violet, were studding the banks of this lovely summer-world. Then they left it all, and passed into a dark cavernous dungeon of waters, shut in by great wooden doors. Felicia was not yet used to locks, and she and little Lucy grasped each

other's hands as the boat began sinking into the depths, sinking to the roar of the weir and the mill into slimy green profundities, hollowed and destroyed by the discoloured waters. The little rose-cottage where the keeper lived went right up into the air—so did his little children, who had rushed out to help to open the sluices.

Down they went to the very depths: the great green dripping walls were covered with slime and weeds; up above roses were flowering on the surface of the earth; down here the sunlight scarcely touched the gloom, and dank dripping mould and creeping vegetation. Little waterfalls burst through the rotten gates and fell roaring and rushing into the dark waters.

"Oh, what a terrible place," said Felicia.

Miss Marlow gave a little shriek as the boat bumped suddenly against the side of the lock.

"Are you frightened?" said Baxter to Felicia.

"Yes," said Felicia; and then she looked up and smiled. "I mean no," she said, "not if you——" Then, seeing that James was looking at her, she stopped short.

Jim, who was standing up with the boat-hook in his hand, turned away; and, stooping over the edge of the boat, looked at something in the

water. Perhaps a minute may have passed—it seemed a very long while to him. When he looked up again, Felicia was blushing still, the great gates were opening, the water was pouring through, and a glimpse of the sweet flowing river shone once more between the great portals: it all looked more lovely if possible for the gloom in which they had been waiting.

Then Jim and Baxter pushed with their long boat-hooks, and the boat began to slide out from the dark jaws in which it had been enclosed. The gates creaked as they opened wide: the boat was almost between them,—when something happened. I cannot exactly tell how, a great barge that was waiting outside began to move, and struck against the gate. The lock-man had been called away, one of the two boys turning the pulley tripped and fell, the other boy's hand slipped; the windlass began to untwist rapidly, and the great gates to close fast upon the little boat.

"Pull! pull!" shouted Baxter, who was at the bow, to James, who had instinctively begun to back.

Their two contrary efforts delayed them for an instant; James, seeing the danger, with a great effort caught at the gate with his boat-hook, and, with an impetus from his whole body, urged the boat through. It was just in time, the boat was safe, the barge was stopped; but the boat-hook stuck in the wood, and before any one could help him, Jim was over and splashing in the water.

It was no very great matter: a punt close at hand came to his help, and the little boat's crew landed, and waited in the garden while the lock-keeper dried Jim's clothes. The man lent him some of his own while the others were drying, and Jim, coming out of the little rose-cottage in a fustian jacket, top-boots, and a fur cap, found Miss Flower sitting on a little green wooden bench under a rose-tree. He saw old Miss Marlow's broad back as she stood placid, gazing at the river, and Aurelius and Felicia and little Lucy were wandering along the banks under the little row of willow-trees in the meadow, where the cows were crunching the buttercups. There was a bird singing somewhere, and a cricket chirping in the grass, and a sweet flood of peaceful light.

Miss Marlow turned round from her contemplation of the river, hearing Jim's voice. She came up and took his arm, and leaning heavily, proposed that they should follow the others.

"Come, Miss Flower, you are not doing your duty," said the old lady, "allowing your cousin to flirt as he does with engaged young ladies."

But Emily said naively, "No, thank you. I am tired, and I will wait for you here."

Felicia and Lucy had found great bunches of forget-me-nots growing down by the river. They were trying to tempt the cows to come and eat them.

It was about eight o'clock when they reached the station. Little Lucy was to go home immediately, and go to bed. She and Miss Flower had come up for a two-days' visit to a friend. Miss Marlow, like an old

goose, instead of saying good-by, cordially invited Captain Baxter to come back to supper with them. Wouldn't Miss Flower come too, if they dropped little Lucy on their way? But again Miss Flower refused very decidedly.

"I think Mrs. X. expected you, Aurelius," she said.

"Then I will go with you," said Aurelius.

"Oh, Miss Flower, our last night!" cried Miss Marlow reproachfully.

And then poor Emily, who could not bear to seem grasping and unreasonable, said, blushing, that she could easily explain to Mrs. X., and she begged Aurelius to call a hansom for her and Lucy, and the two drove off to the house in Chesham Place, where they were staying. They were to go home the next morning. Felicia and her aunt went off together in a brougham which had been waiting, and reached Queen Square some little time before the two gentlemen arrived.

Felicia's first question was for her grandmother. The old butler said that Mrs. Marlow was in her room. She had been out that afternoon, and came home about four o'clock complaining of faintness. Felicia thought her looking ill, when she ran in in the glad way that girls burst in after a pleasant day.

"Are you ill, dear grandmamma? We have had such a day," said the girl. "Oh dear me, why is it over? I wish you had been with us. Oh, how I wish we were not going to-morrow. What has been the matter?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Marlow a little strangely. "I have been ill and out of spirits. I could not have stayed away longer from home, Felicia. I have suffered enough for your pleasure as it is."

Felicia flushed up. "My pleasure, dear grandmamma; I don't have so very much."

"You never think of anything else," said Mrs. Marlow. "Girls are always thinking of their pleasure: they don't mind what pain they give others," the old lady went on, still in this strange excited way. "There is your grandfather alone; here am I quite ill and overdone. I shall be thankful when this marriage is over."

"You need not tell me that," cried the girl, indignant. "I know it."

"When a thing is settled and determined, the sooner it is done with the better," said Mrs. Marlow.

Fay's heart began to beat.

"Determined and settled, grandmamma!" she cried. "I think it is cruel the way in which you and grandpapa talk: you have settled everything for us, and it is cruel—yes, cruel! I can do nothing, and no one will help me, and you care for nothing, so long as grandpapa has his own selfish way," said the girl.

"Hush!" said Mrs. Marlow, white and angry. "This is not the way for you to speak of your grandfather. I am shocked at your impertinence."

The poor lady was ill, nervous, thoroughly unstrung, almost for the first time since Felicia had known her. She had never before taken any of the girl's outbursts seriously. Fay, too, was excited, unreasonable,

The idea of breaking off had never occurred to her till that day; she was in an agitated state of mind, easily impressionable, upset.

It all happened in a moment. Miss Marlow had barely time to pant upstairs to find the two in high controversy—Felicia in tears, Mrs. Marlow flushed and agitated.

"What is the matter? My dear Eliza, I am so sorry to hear of your indisposition. Fay, go and get ready for dinner," cried Miss Marlow.

It would have been better, far better for Felicia, if they had ended their little quarrel; fought it out, and made it up with tears. As it was, Miss Marlow separated them, and when the gong sounded Felicia, still indignant, came into her grandmother's room.

"I am going down, grandmamma; are you ready?"

The old lady was busy packing in the hair-box.

"I am coming," said Mrs. Marlow, without looking up. "You had better go, Felicia; I will follow. Pray remember never again to speak to me of your grandfather as you did just now."

She spoke so coldly, that once more Felicia felt a thrill of injured indignation; and she swept downstairs with a heart aching sorely, notwithstanding all the pleasures of the day.

IX.

It was in the evening. They had all finished dinner. Mrs. Marlow had gone up again to see to her packing; Miss Marlow had got up from table and come away into the after-dinner drawing-room, holding Felicia's hand in hers. Baxter—(Miss Marlow, as I have said, had insisted on his coming. I cannot imagine how a woman of her sentimental experience can have been so silly. Is it possible that a thought of thwarting her brother may have added a little malice to her hospitality?)—Baxter, who had come back at the old lady's request to say good-by, was sitting with James in the dining-room. The great windows were wide open upon the balcony, and the dusky park gloomed without, at once hot and cool and mysterious. Felicia, who had scarcely spoken all dinner-time, who was angry still, was summoning up her courage to speak now—to say what was in her heart—to implore Miss Marlow to help her. She loved Jim dearly, dearly. Some day, years and years hence, she would marry him if he wished it; but now, ah, no! it was impossible. She fell down upon her two knees by her aunt's low chair, then for a minute was silent, looking out across the grey evening, watching the distant lights, the bright stars shining clear in the faint summer sky. She thought of the river flowing on—of Jim and his faithful kindness, with more affection and remorse, I think, at this minute, than in all her life before; and then suddenly she burst out, in her childish, plaintive voice, seizing Miss Marlow's hand tight in her two eager little palms—"Oh, tell me what is to happen—what is to happen! Oh, aunt Mary Anne, what shall I do?"

Aunt Mary Anne was a coward at heart. She turned round and stared at the imploring face upturned to her; she had not realized the edged tools with which she had been playing when she brought two impulsive young people together. There had been, as I have said, a little quiet spite in her doings; a little selfishness, for she liked the Captain's company; a little common-sense and goodwill and feeling that Felicia should see some other man in all the world beside Jim, before she retired with him for ever to the solitudes of Harpington. But Miss Marlow had judged by her own vague and manifold sentimental experiences. Felicia's strange looks that afternoon, her sudden cry of pain, frightened the elder lady.

Miss Marlow felt for a moment afraid of poor eager Felicia, and started up all flustered. "Do just what you like, my dear," said the old lady very nervously. "Nobody can force you to do anything you don't like. I—I must go and see how your grandmother is getting on." And so saying the old maid trotted out of the room.

She was gone in a minute, and poor Fay was left frightened and disappointed,—bitterly, bitterly disappointed. "What was the good of being old, of having lived all those years, if she had no help, no kind word to spare for a poor little thing in trouble?" thought Felicia. But there was something wild and self-reliant about the girl, that would not be daunted: she set her teeth. "I will *make* her hear me," she said to herself: she would speak again when this evening was over, when Aurelius was gone, and the last happy hour of her life ended for ever. Presently, sitting there still, she found that Baxter had come in and was talking to her; she had hardly noticed him at first, so busy was she thinking about him. She jumped up a little confused, and went out upon the terrace. "James is gone off for a smoke," the captain was saying, as he followed her out on the terrace. "There he is under the trees." Felicia looked and saw that it was not James, but she did not speak.

A sort of sleepy apathy had come over Felicia after her day's excitement. She did not care what happened just at that minute. It was like one of her visions to be sitting there with Baxter, to hear him speak—to listen to his voice in the dusk. What was he saying? He had been praising Jim for the last five minutes. He felt as if by praising the poor boy he made amends somehow for the unowned treachery in his heart against him.

It was some such feeling which irritated Felicia; she was not going to sham and pretend what she did not feel. In all her life this faculty had been hers of speaking the truth boldly. Some people have loved her for it; others have hated her. All this day the poor child had been driven to the very utmost end of her powers by inward assaults, and doubts, and terrors, born of the very excitements and happiness of the last few days. When Baxter spoke, she said quickly that "it was not Jim's goodness she cared about, and yet he was a hundred times too good for her."

"Too good for you!" Baxter said, speaking his thought inadvertently.

"Ask him. He does not think so: why, it would break his heart to part from you."

"Do you think so?" cried Felicia, desperate. "Do you think people mind very much when these sort of things are broken off? Don't you see how unhappy I am?" she went on.

Was she false to Jim, poor child, in being true? She trusted Baxter so utterly; she was so young, she felt so convinced that she might trust him; she had begun the talk just now with her aunt—it was but going on with it now, leaning forward with her piteous little face upturned, and waiting for an answer. But no answer came; no one would help her. Baxter was too loyal to want her confidence.

"Come and let us talk to Miss Marlow," he said, very gravely; "she will want you to come in."

"No one—no one will help!" cried Felicia, desperately. "She won't help me. You won't listen to me, you won't help me," she said, as he turned to go; it was all over, there was no hope anywhere.

"Poor child!" he said.

"Are you sorry for me?" said Felicia, simply. "Then I don't mind so much."

"Sorry!" cried poor Baxter, at an end of his courage. "Don't you see how it is, Felicia—that I am trying to be an honest man?"

"Oh, what am I to do? Tell me what I ought to do?" said Felicia, breaking into tears.

Poor little thing! Her heart beat, her tears flowed. She trembled so she could not stand, and she put out her hands wildly to grasp some support. She had no strong sense of duty. When had she ever seen duty practised in that dreary self-seeking household? She did not love Jim as she loved Aurelius. She could not understand that, loving and trusting him, she should not appeal to him.

"Oh, help me!" she said, once more, wringing her hands. "Oh, I cannot, cannot go back."

You blame him, and so do I, that he was weak; that he did not turn away and leave her; that he caught her two poor little outstretched hands.

"Oh, Felicia," he said again, "do you think it is you only who are unhappy? Don't you see that I—that some debts are almost more than we can pay."

And then he stopped short. What was he saying? What could he say or do that was not a treachery to his friend? And yet these two loved each other; and was it fair that their whole love and life should be marred so that one person should be made half happy, half content? Only, somehow, Aurelius could not reason thus.

"James trusts us; and he is right," said he, in an altered voice.

Poor Aurelius! If Felicia had been older, different, more able to decide; but, as it was, he felt that it was for him to take a part. Felicia, heaven bless her! was ready to give up her faith, her word, if he

had desired it. He had dropped her two hands. She stood crying still, and leaning against a chair.

"I will do what you think I ought," she said.

It was at that minute that a light from the room fell upon the two, and that some one came and stood in the window,—some one with a pale face, who did not speak for a minute; then Miss Marlow, following quick and bustling out—

"Why, James, where have you been?" she said. "I have been looking for you. There is a telegram for you. Dear me, it is getting quite chilly, and they have not brought the tea. Would you ring, Captain Baxter?"

"I am afraid I must be going," said Baxter, in a steady voice. No one would have guessed from his voice that anything unusual had happened, though his face might have told the story, had the light been upon it. He nodded to James, shook hands with Miss Marlow. Felicia never moved or looked up, nor did he look at her again. Aurelius went down the stairs and passed out by the narrow iron wicket into the Park, and then all his strength left him. He went and leant against the railings, resting his arm upon the iron, and covering his eyes with his hand. Shut eyes or open, he saw that trembling, wildly-appealing face. It was no use,—it was in vain he had known Felicia. He would do his duty, heaven help them both. His part was clear for the present; he must go, and see Felicia no more.

When Aurelius had said good-night to James, the young man had scarcely responded. Baxter did not know how long he had been standing in the window or how much he had heard of what had passed. Aurelius, sorry as he was, vexed, troubled, unhappy, could not but feel that he had acted as an honest man as far as James was concerned. Towards poor little Felicia his conduct had been less praiseworthy. Leaving her, he felt like a traitor, poor fellow; and yet what could he do but leave her? What he felt when he began—where it was all to end, Aurelius could not tell himself. He was a man not greatly given to self-dissection and examination. His life had been too active for more than a sort of *jour le jour* consciousness. He knew that on the whole he hoped to do his duty as a gentleman and a soldier: to wrong no man or woman, to speak the truth, to take a fair advantage of the enemy when he saw a chance. For all his thirty-five years there was a certain boyish rigidity about him; and having said that black was blue, or discovered that he intended to leap a five-barred gate, or be in such a place by such a day, black was blue in his eyes, he leaped the gate, he went through any inconvenience to keep his word. I do not know that there is any particular advantage in playing this sort of game of skill with fate and inclination. But it is a way some people have, and they are honest people for the most part.

Aurelius, contrary to his wont, had allowed himself to drift a little along the stream in the pleasant company he had been keeping of late. Now he stopped short, and as he stood for a minute by the iron

railing, he made up his mind. No; he would not go any more to the house. He would not say good-by to Felicia. He would not meddle in the business. He could not help it if the girl was to be sacrificed. She was not the first or the last woman to make a mistaken marriage, and it was no affair of his. So Baxter walked away angry through the twilight of the summer's night, quick, straight, rigid, disappearing rapidly into the gloom. As he went along he saw Felicia's sad eyes appealing everywhere, through the glimmering twigs on the trees, shining from the stars, and once in the gas-lit windows of a shop-front. He did not care, he hardened himself and walked on quicker. Poor Aurelius! he thought it was a shame to leave her. He told himself again that it was a crime that two people should be sacrificed for so little cause. He knew James well enough—that scrupulous soul—to be sure that a word would set his conscience swaying and whirling, and secure Felicia's liberty. He knew all this, he knew it would be right. He felt that he was acting wrongly and cruelly, and inflicting unnecessary pain; and yet, somehow, right as it might be, he (Baxter) was determined that the deed should not be of his doing. He should not be the one to hand his friend the weapon with which to destroy his happiness, nor to suggest to Felicia the possibility of inflicting upon her lover a deadly wound. And so he walked away with brisk steps farther and farther from the dim balcony where the passionate cry had so nearly touched him, where the poor, pale, trembling little creature was still crouching in the dark.

Poor little Felicia! Baxter was gone, and the child, shrinking out of sight, went and sat down upon one of the low window-steps. James went to find his telegram. The tea-tray was brought up. Miss Marlow came and called her, and went away. Fay gave no answer. She only wanted to be alone—to be left to hide herself there in the grey darkness and melancholy of the night. There was a black corner behind a little laurel-tree in a box. Felicia—poor little Daphne that she was—longed to creep into the narrow dark corner and stay there. Never come out again, never hear her own voice speak again, never ask people for help and be refused any more. No one helped—no one cared for her. She covered her face with her hands at the thought—abandoned and despised. Ah! if she could only be nowhere; but wherever she was she cumbered the earth, thought poor little Fay in her despair. Would there be vast groves of laurel, I sometimes wonder, if men and women possessed the power of changing themselves at will into inanimate trees in moments of shame and indecision? What a terrible boon it would be to humanity! One can imagine the fatal wish granted in a moment of excitement. One can imagine leaves springing from the slender finger-ends, the wreath of laurel creeping round their heads, the narrow choking bark enclosing them in its rapid growth. And then the faint aromatic breath of the prussic acid, and then the wind shivering among human leaves. Poor Fay would have wildly grasped at the power if it had been hers at the minute; but now-a-days, little girls can only cry and sit with their faces hidden in their

hands, when they are in trouble, instead of becoming stars and streams and plants. She had spoken in an impulse, and now that the impulse was over, what would she not give to have been silent—her life, her right hand, anything, everything. So the night wore on, the black leaves rustled close to her shining head, London was rolling itself to sleep and quiet by degrees.

Felicia at last hearing some clock strike eleven across the house-tops, pulled herself wearily up, and came out of her hiding. Very pale she looked, with a black smudge upon her white muslin dress, and wild, sad eyes, with great pupils. She could not see, coming into the dazzle of the drawing-room lamps, but she heard voices calling her, "Felicia, Felicia!" They seemed to be everywhere; and then James, who had just come into the room, rushed up to her. "Oh, Felicia," he said, "I have been looking for you. Go—go to grandmother—there is terrible news from home. . . ."

While Felicia had been absorbed in her own griefs and pre-occupations the great laws of life and death and fate had not been suspended, and the news had come that the Squire was dead.

He had been seized with some fatal attack in a field, and carried to a cottage close by, where he died.

X.

JAMES and Felicia never forgot that terrible night. When the morning came, her despair of a few hours before seemed like a remembrance of some old tune played out and come to an end abruptly in the midst of its most passionate cadence. The tunes of life stop short just in the middle, and that is the most curious part of life's history. Another music sounds, mighty, sudden, and unexpected, and we leave off our song to listen to it, and when it is over some of us have forgotten the song we were singing. Perhaps in another world it may come to us again.

This death-music was now sounding through the old house in Queen Square. The poor grandmother lay crushed and stunned by its awful thunder; the old aunt, to whom it was familiar enough, came and went with a troubled and yet accustomed face.

"You had better not go to your grandmother, child," she said to Fay; "she is best alone."

Fay appealed to Jim, who looked distressed and took her hand in his, and said they would go together when aunt Mary Anne was below.

And so about midnight there was an opportunity, and the two went upstairs together. The unshuttered windows let in the gleam of a starry sky, for the vapours had drifted away. They came along the passage to the door of the dim front bedroom, where Felicia had left her angry grandmother a little while before, and where she was now lying stricken, cold, and motionless, and stretched at her full length upon the great bed. There was a dim night-light in the room, and they seemed to feel the hard, stony grief as they came in; to meet it,—a presence with a vague intangible form. Felicia, with a beating heart, stood by the bedside.

Mrs. Marlow neither moved nor spoke. At last the girl knelt down, and softly and imploringly kissed the old brown hand. It was moved away. "Grandmamma, dear grandmamma!" sobbed Felicia; but her grandmother, in an odd, harsh, hissing voice said, "Is James there?" and when he came said, still in this quick strange way, "I want to be alone, James. Take her away."

Poor little Fay she was trembling like a little aspen, and as she got up from her knees she held to the chair by the bedside. She was hurt and wounded almost beyond bearing. She put her hand to her heart: "Oh, grandmamma," she faltered, "I who love you so——"

But Mrs. Marlow never moved, or looked, or answered, and James putting his arm round Felicia, brought her away gently and closed the door. Once outside in the passage, Felicia cried and cried as if her heart would break. Miss Marlow came upstairs, and finding Fay there tried to comfort her.

"You should not have gone in when I told you not. She is not quite in her right mind, dear," said the old lady; "and people in this state often turn against those they love best. You must be good and patient, and James shall come and fetch you. I think—Jim, don't you think Fay had better stay here and pack up? and then you can come back and fetch her to-morrow."

And poor Fay meekly assented, crying still, and utterly crushed and worn out. But she would not go to bed: nobody went to bed that night. There was an early morning train at five o'clock, by which the travellers were to go. A conveyance had to be found, preparations had to be made, packing done, and notes written. Felicia fluttered about, trying to help, utterly weary. Then at last she lay down, about two o'clock, on the golden sofa in the drawing-room, and slept till a cab driving up through the silence awoke her. She knew it was the cab which had come to take the others away, and she jumped up from the sofa and went out: she was afraid to go to Mrs. Marlow's room.

As Felicia stood on the stairs waiting to see them off, her grandmother passed her without a word or a look. The women came down together, followed by James, with bundles and cloaks upon his arm. Miss Marlow stopped to kiss her and bid her go to bed and try to sleep. Jim said with his kind face that he would come back; and then they were gone, haggard mourners, in the light of the still broad clear early morning. The cab-wheels rolled and echoed through the silent streets. Fay stood bewildered, listening to it, but presently a kind housemaid came and begged her to come to bed and helped Felicia to undress, and brought her a cup of tea and sat by her bedside till she fell asleep.

When Felicia awoke it was ten o'clock, and a misty morning sun was streaming into the room. The housemaid had been opening and shutting the door and peeping in many times, and she now appeared to ask Miss Marlow if she would come down to breakfast, or if the butler should clear it away.

Felicia said she would come down, and dressed in a hurry and ran downstairs, with an undefined impression of a scolding from some one. But there was no scolding: only the teapot, *The Times* all to herself, a little dish of cold buttered toast, a new pot of strawberry jam sent up by the sympathizing housekeeper. Felicia liked the jam, but she had no great appetite, and presently she forgot to eat, and was looking at her own reflection in the teapot, and then conjuring up one last scene at home after another, and picturing the sad home-coming.

There was her grandfather standing before her, as she had seen him that last time, stooping to button the leather-apron of the gig. She seemed to see him riding off on the white horse, with his grey wideawake pulled tight over his grey head; coming home, and riding into the stables, or walking into the morning-room where she and her grandmother were sitting: then she saw him sitting under the tree that sunshiny day busy over his accounts. Poor grandfather! he had mended her wheelbarrow for her when she was a little girl; and one delightful day she remembered he had taken her in the gig to a farmhouse, and given her a cup of milk with his own hands. A crowd of thoughts and remembrances came, and were driven away by a crowd of fancies of what was now, of Harpington all gloomy and shut up. Felicia was so frightened at last that she rang the bell for old Saunders to clear away (Saunders was a portly and prosperous old butler, very different from the poor drudge at Harpington). Saunders stopped a long time, but at last Felicia saw him carry off the last plate and knife, and then she found herself alone once more with the bare dining-room table before her: the mahogany sideboard, the mahogany wine-cases, and the print of Queen Adelaide over the chimney. She tried the drawing-room for a change. When animate things are away, inanimate things certainly seem to attain a strange life and importance of their own. All the gold tables and sofas seemed to spread themselves out to receive her. Felicia sank down in a corner of the sofa and took the first book that came to her hand; but somehow she could only see the legs of the chairs and the tables, the stuffed birds, and the bust of Miss Marlow in her youth nodding. When she had tried to read for ten minutes, she thought she had been sitting there for hours and hours, with Rogers' *Italy* open before her, and the prints of the mountains, and the reflection of the little boat sailing in the finely-etched lake. Was that horrible little boat never going to reach the shore? Felicia shut up the book and threw it down on the cushion beside her. She was accustomed to being alone; but alone was different at home, where she knew every corner of the house, with the garden, and the farm, and the village children to play with. This was hateful. How could Miss Marlow bear it, so strange and still, crowded with chairs and tables? Felicia did not feel that she might run from the top of the house to the bottom, dive into outhouses and cupboards,—explore, investigate: here to gaze through glass-doors at the shells and Japanese gods, and through glass-windows at the silent old house opposite in Queen

Square, was all that she dared to do. Felicia had taken a horror of the balcony since last night. She went into the passage, and looked for a long while at the old brown house opposite, with the dim slit windows, the statue of Queen Anne standing calm in all her ruffles and frills. It must be very dull to be a statue, Felicia thought. She wandered up to her own room, but the grandmother's door was open, and through that open door came a troop of sad hobgoblins: all the grandmother's stern looks, all the miseries of the night before, coming with a rush, and surrounding her.

Felicia fled into the passage again. She looked at the pasteboard effigy, painted and glazed, of the little page in a corner. In one of the glass cupboard on the stairs was a plate which put her in mind of the old dish at Harpington. There was the garland and the scroll-work. Everything was the same, but the clasped hands were missing. Sola was written on the scroll. It looked like *alone*, Felicia thought, flourishing away there all by itself. What a horrid thing it was to be alone. She made up a little story of some Portia asking her knights to choose off which of the two plates they would dine; and one knight said,—“I will dine alone, lady, for I have a good appetite, and don't care to share my meal.” And the other knight said he would never touch food again unless one only lady would consent to break bread with him. And then Felicia began to wonder what the lady would say, suppose she liked the greedy knight best. That was a difficult question to answer, and as she was debating it she heard a ring at the bell, and she leant over the banisters to see who it could be.

One of her two knights was at that minute standing outside the door, and she knew his voice when he asked if Miss Marlow was at home, and if Mrs. Marlow was gone back to Harpington.

Then Saunders began a long long story, and when finally he made way for Captain Baxter to come into the hall, it seemed to Felicia that it was like the stream of life rushing into the hushed house again, and that her boat was rising upon the rising waters; but she started away as usual, and ran and hid herself in the little dressing-room out of Miss Marlow's bedroom, where, after a long search, the housemaid found her.

XI.

MEANWHILE poor Baxter was waiting in the dining-room and looking forward with some perturbation to his interview. He had had two lines from James that morning begging him to call in Queen Square, and telling him what had happened. “If I cannot get back to-morrow, I am going to ask you to bring Felicia to us,” James wrote. Aurelius confounded James's stupidity. Why was Felicia left behind? Why was he, of all people in the world, chosen to escort her to Harpington?

Baxter could not pretend to any great personal regret for the old Squire, but for the poor widow he felt a great compassion, and as for

Felicia, well, it would delay her marriage, poor little thing, and so far at least she would be the gainer. It was not in human nature not to be glad of the excuse to see her again, although all the way Aurelius railed at his friend in his heart, and said to himself he deserved his fate for his dulness and want of comprehension.

Was Jim so dull? He knew Baxter better than Baxter knew himself, and by the light of his own honest heart he judged his friend. Baxter need not have been afraid of the meeting. The long sad night had come like a year between Fay and the indignant tears she had shed for herself the night before. They were wiped out. Baxter's first word brought other tears into her eyes, tears of regret and of feeling for others. Felicia was a whole year older in experience than she had been when he last saw her. As she came into the room with half flashing eyes, Baxter felt ashamed of his alarms, and met her quite humbly, saying something about the shock that they had had and his note from James. "I came to see if I could do anything for you?" he said.

Felicia shook her head and sat down listlessly in the big chair by the empty fireplace.

"I am alone here," she answered, looking away. "There is nothing wanted. Poor grandmamma went away at five o'clock this morning. She could not bear to have me with her, and so they left me here to wait. I want nothing, thank you."

"Poor child," Aurelius said. He was more sorry for Felicia, left alone for a day with these gloomy fancies, than for the whole life-agony of the widowed woman who had left her there. He was, poor fellow, in a state of indescribable pity, vexation, despair, that he could do nothing to help this poor little stricken creature. This time it was not Felicia who appealed to him; it was Baxter appealing to Felicia. "I wish you would let me do something for you," he said. Something in his kind looks roused the girl's indignation. It was too late; she did not want his kindness now. For Felicia was used to be adored, and to command poor Jim, and to speak her mind plainly enough. Her almost childish admiration and confidence in Baxter had received a shock. She had discovered that their friendship meant very little after all; that to count upon people outside is of little use in home affairs. To think of her own feelings seemed a sort of sacrilege now at this time. Last night, when she asked him to help her, he left her; to-day, when she did not want him, he came with offers of help that meant nothing at all. There was a certain combativeness, a certain determination in Felicia's character—a horror of ridicule, a want of breadth and patience of nature, all of which feelings kindling suddenly brought a bright flush of angry colour into her pale cheeks. "Jim will be here before long," she said. "He will take care of me. Now I want nothing from any one else."

"Good-by," said Aurelius, quite humbly. "Please remember, however, that if you want me ever at any time anywhere I will come." He spoke so humbly that it was impossible to be angry. Felicia looked at

him steadily with her curious grey eyes; her mouth quivered, the colour died out of her cheeks.

Felicia's heart began to sink as soon as Baxter had left the room. She sat quite still, and the minutes became hours again, and time seemed interminable, and release so far, far off, that it seemed to this impatient little creature as if in one instant she had waited for an eternity—an eternity with James at the end of it! Felicia had said good-by, the door was closed, the parting was over, time had passed, and now, with a very simple impulse, she sprang up and ran out into the hall. Aurelius was still there, turning at the many complicated locks and handles and chain-works that Miss Marlow considered necessary to her security and old Saunders's. They had done Felicia good service on this occasion.

Baxter turned, hearing his name called, and saw Fay in the doorway. "Will you do me a kindness now directly?" she said impetuously. "Will you take me home? I want to go. I can't bear to stay here any longer."

"Had not you better wait till you hear from Jim?" said Baxter, coming back, and not much surprised. "I am ready at any time, but he may be on his way."

"He will not come till to-morrow," said Felicia, sharply. "Will you do this for me or not? Please do," said the girl. "I do so want to get away. They must want me; they can't be so cruel as not to want me. Don't you think so?"

"They only want to spare you," said Baxter, who could not resist her any longer. "Will you like to go by the five-o'clock train?"

"Yes," said Felicia, eagerly. "Is that the soonest? Please come and fetch me?" And Baxter said he would come, and then went to put off half-a-dozen engagements. He thought the girl would be better in a home, however sad, than vexing and chaffing in the solitudes of Queen Square.

And so it happened that Felicia came back to Harpington. She and Baxter scarcely spoke to each other all the four hours they were on the road. He had come to take care of her, and not to make himself agreeable; and he conscientiously read the paper in a corner of the railway-carriage. Fay looked at him once or twice, surprised, at first by his silence, and then she watched the fields flit by, the telegraph-posts, the cows, the cottages with their smoking chimneys and all their inhabitants; and so they sped along from one county to another: here and there came a shining hamlet, now a gig passing a bridge, now a woman carrying a bundle. Felicia tried to follow some of the people with her mind, but another cow, another gig, another tree-stump would come and drive out the remembrance of the last. Fay, as I have said, had almost put away the remembrance of the night before. She had thought she would never be able to look at Baxter again to speak to him, but now she felt that they might be friends once more. He was changed, but Felicia was too full of her own thoughts to perceive this. What a strange procession of new

feelings and realizations was passing for the first time through the girl's mind—visions of home—visions of London delights—visions of the sorrowful, terrible present, and of the future of marriage, of loneliness.

What was this voice still saying, "Sola, Sola?" only now Felicia asked herself if Sola did not mean Alone perhaps?—nothing else. If Baxter was changed and silent, Felicia too was changed and silenced; and they were not quite the same people they had been the night before. There were some other people in the carriage who did not find out the two were travelling together. One old gentleman, interested by the pair of innocent, penetrating grey eyes that he caught scanning him, asked the young lady if she was travelling alone, and if there was anything he could do for her. Then for the first time Baxter looked up from his paper, and said in his blackest and stiffest manner that the lady was under his care.

It was nearly nine o'clock when they got to the station. Baxter had telegraphed from London, and he expected to find Jim upon the platform; but there was no Jim, no sign, and the only thing to do was to walk to the inn and order a fly. They waited under the rose-grown porch in the twilight. Everything seemed sweet, and still, and peaceful. A gardener belonging to the inn was pumping water for the pretty old garden flowers—lilies, and lupins, and marigolds, and white honeysuckles; the sky was sweet with sunset, and the air with perfume. A couple of dusky figures stood in the middle of the street talking quietly; an old woman came to the door of her cottage. This purple dusk was making everything beautiful, and how fragrant the air was after the vapid London breath they had been living in!

They had a long, sweet, silent drive across the fields, and between dim horizons and wooded fringes. The evening star came and shone over the twilight silver and purple world before they got to their journey's end. Baxter was silently happy and so was Felicia, who, for a mile or two, had almost forgotten the sorrow to which she was travelling, in the peace and sweetness of the journey. But when the house appeared above the hedge at the turn of the road, her heart began to beat and everything came back to her.

"The gates are closed," said the girl, startled, as they passed the front of the house.

The gates were closed for the first time since Felicia could remember, and the ivy and wild creepers had been crushed and torn in the process.

This one little incident, perhaps, brought all that happened more vividly to Felicia's mind than anything else that had gone before. They stopped at the back door, the front gate being locked, and Aurelius desired the fly-man to wait, and came with Felicia to see her safe into the house before he drove away. They crossed the stable-yard and the end of the garden, and so reached the terrace along which the windows, closed and black, were gleaming. And now suddenly came a cruel minute for Felicia, in which all the pain of parting, all the sadness into which she was going, all the gloom of that great closed house and of her hopeless

future, seemed realized and concentrated. Baxter, too, looked up at the gloomy house into which little Fay was about to disappear: there it stood, closed and black, and he thought of the poor raving widowed heart aching within, and with remorse he thought of the little white victim standing beside him.

"Good-by," he said, putting out his hand quickly.

"Oh, I am frightened," said Felicia, not taking it, not looking, and trembling and standing irresolute. "Oh, what shall I do?"

"There is nothing to be afraid of," said Baxter, kindly. "I have seen a great many people die. It is a much more peaceful process than living. I don't think you need be afraid." Felicia sighed, but did not answer.

"Look, is not that study window open?" Baxter asked.

"Yes, but there is a table, and I could not go in there alone," said the girl, as with a shaking hand she tried to unfasten the door. "Don't go yet, please don't go," she said.

"I will wait here as long as you like," said Baxter. "Perhaps James will see me for a minute. You can send me word."

"Yes," said Felicia. She had got the door open at last. "I will tell you—please wait, please don't leave me yet. I will come back to you." She spoke in a shrill, nervous voice, and the words travelling through the silence, woke up James, who had fallen asleep on the study sofa, utterly worn out and tired after his journey, his sleepless day and night of agitation and excitement. Had he dreamt them? had he heard them? He did not know—he started from his sleep, from a vague dream of Baxter and Felicia in the garden outside. He sat up and listened,—
"Don't leave me yet! I will come back to you!" He heard her voice plainly ringing in his ears,—was it to him she was speaking? Was it Felicia come to make him well and happy by her presence? or was it Felicia speaking to some one else? Felicia false, Felicia lost to him for ever!

XII.

Poor Jim! while they were going down into the lock the day before, he had made up his mind and told himself that cost what it might he must give up his darling desire. Felicia was not for such as him. She was too bright and brilliant a creature to mate with any but her own kind. Little Jim was a hero in his way. His whole life had been a forlorn hope.

He had made up his mind, but in this feverish dream, from which he was waking, he had forgotten his calmer self-decision and courage—only the natural pain was there, the jealousy, the humiliation, and heart-burning. Aurelius' telegram had come, and he had meant to go and meet them, but as he was waiting, turning over papers in the study, till the time should come to start, he had fallen asleep. Miss Marlow was upstairs with her sister-in-law; the whole house was silent, and no one

had come near the study, and Jim for the last hour or two had been lying in a fever, dreaming uneasy dreams and moaning in the deserted room. And now when he started wide awake from his sleep, he was wide awake, but dreaming still in a sort of way, forgetting all his waking resolutions, remembering only the fancies that had haunted his sleep. Felicia, outside with Baxter! Ah false! ah faithless! As the door opened, and she came in, Jim had groped his way to the table, and struck a light.

"I knew you were there," he said, as she came in, turning his haggard face to greet her. "Oh, Felicia, I was dreaming. Are you going to leave me, tell me? How could I bear it? How can I bear it? It will kill me. I have little enough life; you will take it all if you go."

He looked so strange and so excited that his cousin was frightened.

"Going, Jim? What do you mean?"

"I heard you say so to some one outside," he went on, in his strange agitation.

"Dear Jim," said Felicia, trembling still, "be quiet. Hush! pray hush! See, lie down here. I—I won't leave you," she said; and a faint glow came into her pale cheeks. "Lie still. Don't be afraid. You have had some nightmare," faltered the girl, knowing full well that it had been no nightmare, but her own words, which he had overheard.

"I thought I heard you say you were going," Jim said, still half distraught. "It was a dream then—I had fallen asleep. Oh, thank heaven! Oh, my Felicia!"

She soothed him, she quieted him in a hundred ways, and all the while her heart smote her. She was ashamed to meet his honest upturned loving glance.

"Poor boy," said Felicia, passing her cool hand across his forehead. "Lie still, dear," she said. "I am going for one minute. I shall come back to you."

He sprang up with a frightened sort of cry.

"Ah! now I know it was true," he said. "Felicia, Felicia! You are going. I shall wait and wait, and you will never come back."

"I swear I will come back," said Felicia, earnestly, fixing her great grey eyes upon her cousin.

And a minute after, as Baxter stood waiting, listening to the voices, Felicia appeared for one moment in the darkness of the doorway. "Good-night, good-by, and thank you," she said. "I am not afraid any more," and she was gone. Baxter went back and dismissed the fly, and walked across the common to the cottage, where his little girl was asleep, and his old aunt and Emily Flower were quietly reading by the lamplight.

As for Felicia, when she went back she found James almost himself again, calm and different, and with his own natural expression.

"Did Baxter come back with you?" he asked. "Have you sent him away? It was a pity," he said. "A pity, a pity," he repeated,

thinking, poor fellow, of himself as he spoke. "Dear," he said, "I think I was half asleep just now. I don't know what nonsense I talked. Forgive me."

"You are quite tired and worn out," said Felicia. "You must go to bed, Jim, directly. I suppose I may go to grandmamma?" But James begged her to wait, and he went and found Miss Marlow, and then he went to bed as he was bid.

Miss Marlow told Felicia a long long history of their coming home. The old lady was very gentle, and cried a little, and she came with the girl to her own little room, past the door of the state apartment where the poor old grandfather was lying. And Fay came and went, seeing it all with her startled grey eyes. Aurelius was gone, but she did not mind. When everybody else was so unhappy, Felicia accepted her own share with more resignation. Her grandmother would not see her—that was the thing which most troubled her. Jim was very ill—that was evident—and thoroughly overdone; she must do what she could to help him. And then, utterly wearied out, Felicia fell fast asleep, with all the trouble and doubt round about her, and the darkness and gloom of the night, and dreamt the hours peacefully away till the morning light came to awaken her.

XIII.

Two days more, and the closed gates were opened to let the old Squire's funeral pass through, travelling down the periwinkle walk, and followed by the steps of a few old neighbours. Baxter came to the churchyard, but did not come back to the house; and then the blinds were drawn up, and the business of life began once more; only Mrs. Marlow remained still in her room, and scarcely ever came down. The lawyers came to read the will. It was dated many years back. The house and the chief part of the estate had been left to Jim's father, and now consequently fell to the share of the young man himself. There was a jointure settled upon Mrs. Marlow, which (under a stringent clause) she was to forfeit if she married again. Felicia was to have a hundred a year. Another later will had been prepared, but never signed; it was much to the same effect as the first, only that the jointure was increased and more in proportion to the bulk of the old man's property. He had left nearly 6,000*l.* a year behind him, and Jim, who had never until now possessed a spare sovereign to do as he liked with, had money in stocks and land, and cheque-books, and credit without stint. . . .

James was closeted all day with different people, lawyers, and agents, and tenants; and one day a doctor came over from the neighbouring town and Jim declared next day that he had business in London. Little Lucy, who happened to meet Felicia that day, told her her papa had gone to town with Mr. Marlow.

James came back, and Felicia tried to think that he was the same, but she felt a difference. He was a little abstracted and thoughtful, but

then he was very much occupied. He declared nothing was the matter, but she thought him very ill. He was busy arranging, docketing, putting away. People came and went; Felicia scarcely spoke to him. She dined with him (Felicia was surprised to see that Jim could carve, and Scruby opened his eyes in amazement when the young master of the house sent him down into the cellar for some wine), but immediately after dinner James would go away into the study.

Aunt Mary Anne found it very dull, and packed up at the end of a week and went off to Cheltenham, Queen Square being fortunately let.

The day Miss Marlow left, Felicia begged her grandmother timidly to let her be with her a little more.

"No, no," said Mrs. Marlow, with a little shiver. "Pray don't ask it; go—you agitate me."

So Felicia went away, pained and forlorn, flitting about with a feeling of disgrace, and the strange uneasy sense of some tamed animal that has lost its master and is suddenly set free.

One day—it was a little thing, but she took it foolishly to heart—her crystal bracelet, that she liked to wear, came unclasped and fell off her arm. She went roaming about a whole morning looking for it in the empty rabbit-house, in the kitchen-garden, on the terrace walk.

James, coming out of the study—where he had been closeted all the morning—for a little turn on the terrace, was struck by Felicia's scared, wobegone face.

She had been sitting on the step for half-an-hour in the sun.

"Fay, what is the matter?" said Marlow, in his old familiar voice, as he came up to her.

"Nothing," said Felicia, looking up.

Nothing! That was just the answer to his question. Nothing to hope, to fear, to love, to try for. She did not think that James loved her now: she knew her grandmother had taken a strange hatred and aversion to her presence.

"Nothing?" said James, looking gravely at her troubled face.

"I have lost my pretty bracelet," said Felicia; "but that is nothing of course. And everything is horrid, but it does not matter."

"But is everything horrid?" said James, sighing.

"Don't other girls have a happier life than me?" cried his cousin angrily. "And I don't know what I've done, and it is not fair to expect me to be happy and cheerful when nobody does anything to make me happy."

"You have lost a bracelet," said James, absently, feeling in his pockets. "I picked one up this morning on the landing." And he pulled out Felicia's beloved gold and crystal ring.

She seized it with a little cry of delight. "Oh, how glad I am!" she said. "Thank you, James; how clever of you to find it." And she began fastening it on her slim wrist again.

"How clever of you to let it fall upon the landing," he said. "And

now I want to talk to you, Fay," James went on, sitting down beside her on the step. Then he was silent for a little, then he began very nervously: "I have been thinking about a good many things these last few days," he said, "and happiness has been one of the things. Don't you think, dear, we must not care about it too much?"

"Not care!" his cousin said. "How can we not care when we do?"

James looked more and more nervous.

"We bow to heaven that ruled it so," he said, hesitating, quoting from a lay preacher. "I saw Dr. — when I was in London, and he told me that matters were more serious with me than I had imagined. I don't know how much more, or what may be in store for us; but, Fay, you and I—our two lives, I mean—belong to something greater than our own happiness, at least one hopes so; for one's own happiness seems a stupid thing to live for altogether, doesn't it, dear?"

Felicia's circling eyes were fixed upon him. She was twisting her gold bracelet round and round. Jim looked paler and paler as he spoke.

"I think," he said, "our duty in life, Felicia—yours and mine—is not to think whether we are very happy or not, or satisfied"—and the poor fellow's voice ached a little as he spoke—"and, perhaps, the mistake we have both made has been that we have thought a little too much of ourselves and our own feelings, and not enough of something beyond them . . ."

"Dear, dear James!" said Felicia, and her eyes filled up with tears.

James went on steadily, holding her hand in his,—

"And I have been thinking that we have both other things to do just now than marrying and giving in marriage. I must go away and try and get well, to live to do a few of these things; and you must—darling Fay, don't cry—take care of grandmother, and be patient with her, and wait here, and love me a little. And then," resolved to finish what he had to say, he went on hastily, "there is poor Baxter, who wants to come with me; and some day, if he comes back to you, Fay, I think you would be doing wisely to try and make him happy. Perhaps you may not like to think of it just now, but in a little time—" Jim's voice faltered—"One cannot foretell the future—"

"Oh, Jim, what a hateful, hateful creature I am!" burst out Felicia, covering her face with her hands. "You have known it all along; now I understand everything; I have not deserved anything, and you want me to have everything; but I will never—never—"

"Hush, hush!" said Jim, gravely; "take care of grandmother, and don't make any vows, and—and—trust me a little, Felicia," he added, smiling a little sadly himself as he got up to go away.

And so Jim cut the knot that bound him—cut it, and all the difficulties that had beset him of late were vanquished. No one had guessed at the depth of his secret grief, and the pain of the parting—not Aurelius, not Felicia, looking up into his calm face, not Jim himself, who thought himself a foolish stupid fellow, but no hero; but it was all over now.

It was the last of the late summer days. As he stood, he heard the distant trill of the birds, the drone of buzzing insects: the warm touch of the sun came falling upon them both. A feeling came to Jim as if he was looking at Fay, with her sweet upturned face, for the last time. It was the real parting, whatever might be. And yet, of the two at that minute, it was not Jim who was most unhappy. The light of his true heart was shining in his eyes. Felicia never forgot his look: a man of gentle will, standing there, that summer's day, with a gift in his hand, priceless, a life's gift, a true heart's love. And Jim, as he left her, felt that he loved her as she ought to be loved. Loved her enough to leave her with a benediction. He was a sick, and dull, and stupid fellow; but he had played his part like an honest man. Felicia was the only woman he ever loved, hers the only hand he ever cared to grasp; but while he held it, he had held it by force, and when he loosened his hold, the fair hand fell away. And he was content that it should be so, and he wisely accepted the very pain as part of his love.

There is something in life which seems to tell us that no failures, no mistakes, no helplessnesses make failure; no success, no triumphs make success. And so James walked away victorious, leaving the poor vanquished victress alone upon the sunny steps. Was Felicia's wish to be the only one? It was granted, and she did not care for it. She was alone now, but free. She stood watching the young fellow as he walked away. Jim's heart was sad enough, but at rest. Felicia's was beating with passionate gratitude, with anger against herself, with a dim new hope for the future, and, at the same time, with a great new love and regret for the past, for the tie that was now broken for ever. It was a pang that lasted her for all her life.

Later that day, as she was passing through the morning-room, she happened to catch sight of the old Sola plate through the glass of the china cupboard, and with one of her quick impulses, Felicia opened the glass-door, and took it quickly off the shelf, and flung it to the ground, where it lay broken in many pieces at her feet.

The Present Prevalence of Sun-Spots.

DURING the last few months the face of the Sun has been overspread with an unusual number of spots. Enormous vacuities, forty or fifty thousand miles across in some instances, have exhibited their yawning depths to the inquisitive eye of the astronomer. Strangely-figured clusters of smaller spots, continually subject, if we may judge from their changes of figure, to the action of tremendous disturbing forces, have perplexed the physicist by the wondrous manifestations of power they exhibit to his contemplation. It has been evident, too, that even where no spots are seen, the whole surface of the sun is in a strange state of turmoil and agitation. Those singular white spots, the "rice-grains," as some astronomers have called them, seemingly disconnected, but most probably the crests of enormous waves of luminous matter, have shown by the irregularity of their arrangement that there is no rest in those far-off seas of light. And, as we write, all these appearances are gradually becoming more marked, inasmuch that it is evident the centre of our system, the source of light and heat and force to the earth and her fellow planets, is approaching one of those critical stages of disturbance which astronomers have recently recognized as recurring at regular intervals and forming an essential feature of the solar economy.

It may be interesting to our readers to hear what astronomers have been able to learn respecting the most remarkable physical phenomenon which the whole range of nature presents to our contemplation. The great globe on which we live would fill but a corner of some of these vast cavernous openings, within which, as within some magic laboratory, the mysterious agencies are at work to which the sun owes his influence as the life-supporting centre of his system of dependent orbs. It is therefore with a significant and noble phenomenon that we have to deal. It is one, too, with which we are more closely concerned than with many of the appearances to which astronomers direct their attention.

There are three claimants for the honour of being the first to recognize the existence of the solar spots: Galileo, of Florence, Scheiner the Jesuit, and the younger Fabricius. Galileo first alludes to his discovery of the spots in a work on floating bodies published in 1612. In a letter to Welzer, dated May 4, 1612, he states that he had known of the existence of the spots no less than eighteen months before. But Arago rightly remarks that a statement such as this, unsupported by the records of any actual observations, or by the names of persons to whom the discovery had been communicated, cannot be held to establish Galileo's claim to priority in this matter. It is mentioned, however, that in the month of

April, 1611, he announced the discovery of the solar spots at a meeting of scientific men held in the garden of Cardinal Bandini at Rome. The claim of Scheiner is founded on a letter addressed to Welzer on November 12, 1611. In this letter Scheiner states that he had discovered the spots seven months before, or in April, 1611. But as this statement is not confirmed by evidence of any sort, and as we find Scheiner still doubtful about the solar spots in October, 1611, we cannot accept his claim to priority as admissible. Fabricius was undoubtedly the first to publish any written statement respecting the solar spots. This was done in a work specially dealing with the telescopic appearance of the sun, and bearing date June 13, 1611. From the internal evidence of this work it is clear that the solar spots must have been observed by him in March of the same year. To him, then, so far as the evidence hitherto gathered extends, we must assign the credit of the discovery; though there can be no doubt that Galileo and Scheiner observed the spots independently.

Astronomers had been so long convinced that the sun is not only stainless, but the very emblem of celestial purity, that the discovery of the solar spots was received with an amusing mixture of doubt and indignation. Scheiner, in particular, found his statements received with discredit. It happened that the provincial of the order of Jesuits, to whom he was bound to communicate the discovery, was a zealous advocate of the philosophy of Aristotle. He refused, therefore, to believe in the solar spots, or even to look through Scheiner's telescope at them. "I have read Aristotle's writings from end to end many times," he said, "and I have nowhere found in them anything similar to what you mention. Go, therefore, my son, and endeavour to tranquillize yourself; be convinced that these appearances which you take for spots are the faults of your glasses or of your eyes; if they are not, as I in part suspect, the result of a disordered and ill-regulated imagination." It was probably with the dread lest any disrepute should fall on his order, if any of its members should be associated with so dangerous a discovery, that the provincial refused permission to Scheiner to publish his observations under his own name; and accordingly the letters which Scheiner addressed to Welzer bore the signature, "*Apelles latens post tabulam.*"

But the spots were not to be expunged from the sun's countenance even by the decrees of the Jesuits. Astronomers watched these new phenomena with interest and attention. They soon detected that the spots are not at rest, but continually travel round and round the body of the sun; and they presently concluded that these movements are due to the sun's rotation upon an axis. Scheiner, who would seem to have been unable or unwilling to "tranquillize" himself according to order, watched the sun for no less than eighteen years; and in 1630 published a terrible volume, called the *Rosa Ursina*, containing the results of his researches. Respecting this work, Delambre has said that "there are few books so diffuse and containing so small a number of facts: it consists of 784

pages ; there is not matter for fifty." However, the work contained the important discovery that the sun turns round on his axis in about twenty-seven days.

Galileo thought the spots were clouds in the solar atmosphere, intercepting the sun's light from the observer on earth. This theory, which has been revived in recent times, is not by any means consistent (as we shall see presently) with the changes of appearance to which the spots are subjected as they pass across the face of the sun. Scheiner at first thought the spots were planets ; but having discovered that this view was erroneous, he formed the opinion that they indicate tremendous disturbances agitating the ocean of fire with which he imagined the sun to be girt about. La Hire thought there must be opaque bodies continually tossed about within the liquid mass of the sun, and that when these bodies happened to come near the surface they were dimly seen through the transparent fluid fire, and so gave rise to the appearance of spots.

But the first who discovered any circumstances on which really satisfactory views might be formed respecting the spots was Dr. Alexander Wilson of Glasgow. On March 22nd, 1769, he noticed a very remarkable spot, which he was afterwards able to watch during its progress from one border of the sun to the other ; while doing so he was struck by certain peculiarities which seemed to him full of significance. When the spot was in the middle of the disc, it appeared to have a dark central portion surrounded by a dusky fringe equally wide round all parts of the nucleus. But when the spot was near the border of the sun, the dusky fringe was wider on the side of the spot which lay *nearest* to the sun's border ; and, indeed, when the spot was just passing off to the invisible hemisphere of the sun, the part of the fringe farthest from the sun's border became wholly lost to sight. Now if any one will take a globe of any sort—say an orange—and will mark a small roughly circular spot on it, surrounded by a uniformly wide border or fringe, he will see at once that the direct contrary of Wilson's observations was to have been looked for had the solar spots been mere stains on a globular surface. For as the orange is turned so as to bring the fringed spot near the border of the visible half of the orange, the part of the fringe nearest the border seems perceptibly narrower than the other. Whatever the spots may be, then, they are certainly not mere surface-stains. An illustration drawn from our orange-globe will serve to indicate Wilson's explanation of the observed peculiarity. If we remove a small circular portion of the peel of an orange with a knife, in such a manner that the cut surface of the peel slopes down to the surface of the fruit—that is, if we form a little circular pit, so to speak, with a level base and sloping sides—we shall find that when this portion is brought near the border of the visible half of the orange, the sloping edge of the small pit looks perceptibly wider on the *farther* side, and may be made wholly to disappear on the nearer side, by bringing the pit near enough to the visible outline of the orange. If a spot, such as was first considered, be drawn close to the pit, and the two be brought near to the orange's outline, the

contrast between the appearance of the fringe in one case and that of the sloping wall of the pit in the other will at once exhibit the full significance of Dr. Wilson's observation.

Thus Wilson was led to make the daring announcement that the spots are real *holes in the sun*. And the fringe of duskier colour surrounding the black nucleus of a spot was at once seen to be a much more meaning phenomenon than it had been supposed to be, just as a "cutting" teaches much more respecting the structure of the earth than any surface-markings. To return to the homely illustration made use of above,—if the rind of an orange were made up of a number of consecutive cuticles, it is clear that by cutting out a little piece in the manner described above, we could learn the order, thickness, and something of the nature of these successive envelopes. And precisely in this way the observer of the sun was now able to learn something respecting the nature of the successive layers or strata (so to speak) of the solar photosphere. Seen in this light, Dr. Wilson's discovery assumes great interest and importance; and we learn without wonder that the King of Denmark thought it well worthy of being commemorated by a medal struck in its honour.

Sir William Herschel, very soon afterwards, applied the powers of his great telescopes, and his own wonderful aptitude and skill as an observer, to further elucidate the mysteries presented by the solar spots. A spot of such enormous dimensions as to be visible to the naked eye, appeared upon the sun in 1779, and remained upon the surface of our luminary for upwards of six months. To the study of this spot Sir William Herschel devoted all his powers. He first confirmed Wilson's views, and convinced himself that the spot was a real depression. He proved, also, that the bright streaks called *faculae*, which are always seen around spots, are real elevations. He argued that the bright matter in which such depressions and their surrounding elevations remain unchanged, often for a considerable time, can be neither gaseous nor fluid, nor could he suppose it to be solid. He now asked this question: Do we meet anywhere in nature with objects which can be neither properly termed solid, fluid, nor gaseous, and which yet have a real and sometimes a (relatively) permanent existence? Are not clouds of this nature? A cloud does not pass away like a fluid wave, nor does it become dispersed in the rapid way in which gases pass away into space. It often preserves its figure almost unchanged for hours, yet, properly speaking, it is neither fluid nor gaseous, and it is certainly not solid.

These analogies led Sir W. Herschel to infer that the solar photosphere consists in reality of strata of clouds hanging suspended in a transparent atmosphere. He supposed that there are two such strata, the upper being alone self-luminous, the lower formed of opaque clouds, only capable of shining by reflecting the light of the clouds above them. He called these lower clouds *planetary*, to indicate their imagined resemblance to the clouds which float in our own atmosphere.

It is easy to recognize the consequences which Herschel drew from

these views. If a break occur in any part of the outer bed of clouds, we see the inner bed as a dusky spot, because it shines only by the light it reflects from its surface. But if the inner bed as well as the outer be removed at any place, we see the opaque surface of the sun as a black spot; and if the aperture in the outer cloud is larger than that in the inner, the black spot will be surrounded by a dusky fringe, presenting all the features and all the peculiarities of change observed by Dr. Wilson.

Sir John Herschel was the next to whom we owe an important accession of knowledge respecting the solar spots. It had been noticed long before his time that the spots are arranged always along two belts of the sun's surface. What may be termed the polar regions of the sun are always free from spots, and so also is a wide band round the equator. It is in the parts of the sun corresponding to the temperate zones on our own earth that the spots are always observed to form.

Herschel pointed out that this circumstance must be intimately associated with the question of the origin of these objects. On our own earth we are presented with an analogous peculiarity in the fact that there are two similar zones within which the great cyclonic wind-storms take their origin, and for the most part expend their fury. The reason of this is not, strictly speaking, ascertained, but no doubt whatever exists that the cause of the peculiarity is to be sought in the difference of temperature between the polar and the equatorial regions. This difference we know to be due to the sun's different elevation as seen from polar and equatorial regions. But there is no circumstance which can affect the sun's surface in a similar manner. The sun's heat comes from no external body, but is inherent. We seem then, at first, perplexed to determine how there can exist any difference of heat at the poles and at the equator of the sun, to account for the peculiar distribution of the solar spots.

Sir John Herschel got over the difficulty in the following way :—

"There can be no doubt," he urged, "that the sun has a very extensive atmosphere. Many circumstances, which need not here be particularized, concur to prove this. Now the sun, having a sufficiently rapid rotation upon his axis, it is clear that his atmosphere must assume the figure of a somewhat flattened globe, the flattening being opposite the sun's poles. At the equator, then, where the atmosphere is deepest, the sun's heat will escape less rapidly than at the poles. Accordingly the sun's equatorial regions will be always warmer than his polar regions, and the circumstances of our own earth being thus reproduced upon the sun's surface, there cannot but result precisely such cyclonic disturbances of the solar atmosphere as take place in our own air. Such whirling atmospheric disturbances are to be looked upon," says Sir John Herschel, "as the true cause of the solar spots."

There is something more than commonly interesting in this noble speculation. Of all the phenomena with which we are acquainted, there is none which conveys to us more strikingly the impression of fierce energy than the hurricane or tornado. The volcano and the earthquake may be

in reality more tremendous exhibitions of nature's powers, but the source from which they derive their energy is comparatively remote. When the fierce tornado sweeps over a country all nature seems to feel its force. It is no subtle agency which is at work, but an open, blustering power, making itself felt by all who encounter it. And "the thought is overwhelming," as the late Professor Nichol has well remarked, "that from the tornado, terrific as it is, our minds must pass to hurricanes, apparently similar, in the solar atmosphere, by the inconceivable violence of which an opening of 50,000 miles in diameter may be made in the sun's cloud-envelopes; an opening, too, which extends probably to a depth of several thousand miles." Our tornadoes, tremendous as they seem, are like the faintest zephyrs when compared with the inconceivable fury of the solar cyclonic storms. It seems almost too bold a leap to pass from a phenomenon relatively so insignificant to the most surpassingly tremendous of all the forms of disturbance man has ever become acquainted with. "And yet," we may add with Professor Nichol, "is not the electric spark with which the child disports itself akin to the rending tropic thunder? Is not the power of life which sustains the smallest wild-flower exactly that which infuses strength into the giant pine, and causes it to evolve its mighty branches?" And so the tiniest eddy in the flowing river presents to us an illustration of the tremendous aerial whirlpool of the tornado, while the latter, even tinier in its relation to the solar cyclones, yet presents an accurate picture of their habitudes and of the mode in which they come into existence.

Accepting as at least highly probable the theory that the spots indicate the occurrence of gigantic cyclonic storms in the solar atmosphere, it will be interesting to consider over what range these whirling storms extend, what sort of clouds those are which are carried before their breath as lightly as the haze of a summer sky before the faintest breeze, and what are the laws according to which these hurricanes rage or rest? We may afterwards inquire how far we are interested in these gigantic processes of disturbance.

It is a common thing for a spot to be so large that our earth would not suffice to fill the yawning gulf. One measured by Pastorff in 1828 had an area four times larger than that of our earth. In August, 1859, a spot was measured by Newall which had a diameter of 58,000 miles, a length exceeding more than seven times the length of the earth's diameter. But spots even larger than this have been observed. For in June, 1843, Schwabe measured a spot which extended over a length of 74,816 miles. This spot was visible for more than a week without optical aid. On March 15th, 1858, the observers of the great eclipse saw the moon pass over a solar spot which had a breadth of no less than 107,520 miles. In the same year the largest spot of any whose records have reached us was observed by many persons without telescopic aid. It had a breadth of upwards of 143,500 miles; so that across it no less than thirteen globes as large as our earth might have been placed side by side.

these views. If a break occur in any part of the outer bed of clouds, we see the inner bed as a dusky spot, because it shines only by the light it reflects from its surface. But if the inner bed as well as the outer be removed at any place, we see the opaque surface of the sun as a black spot; and if the aperture in the outer cloud is larger than that in the inner, the black spot will be surrounded by a dusky fringe, presenting all the features and all the peculiarities of change observed by Dr. Wilson.

Sir John Herschel was the next to whom we owe an important accession of knowledge respecting the solar spots. It had been noticed long before his time that the spots are arranged always along two belts of the sun's surface. What may be termed the polar regions of the sun are always free from spots, and so also is a wide band round the equator. It is in the parts of the sun corresponding to the temperate zones on our own earth that the spots are always observed to form.

Herschel pointed out that this circumstance must be intimately associated with the question of the origin of these objects. On our own earth we are presented with an analogous peculiarity in the fact that there are two similar zones within which the great cyclonic wind-storms take their origin, and for the most part expend their fury. The reason of this is not, strictly speaking, ascertained, but no doubt whatever exists that the cause of the peculiarity is to be sought in the difference of temperature between the polar and the equatorial regions. This difference we know to be due to the sun's different elevation as seen from polar and equatorial regions. But there is no circumstance which can affect the sun's surface in a similar manner. The sun's heat comes from no external body, but is inherent. We seem then, at first, perplexed to determine how there can exist any difference of heat at the poles and at the equator of the sun, to account for the peculiar distribution of the solar spots.

Sir John Herschel got over the difficulty in the following way:—

"There can be no doubt," he urged, "that the sun has a very extensive atmosphere. Many circumstances, which need not here be particularized, concur to prove this. Now the sun, having a sufficiently rapid rotation upon his axis, it is clear that his atmosphere must assume the figure of a somewhat flattened globe, the flattening being opposite the sun's poles. At the equator, then, where the atmosphere is deepest, the sun's heat will escape less rapidly than at the poles. Accordingly the sun's equatorial regions will be always warmer than his polar regions, and the circumstances of our own earth being thus reproduced upon the sun's surface, there cannot but result precisely such cyclonic disturbances of the solar atmosphere as take place in our own air. Such whirling atmospheric disturbances are to be looked upon," says Sir John Herschel, "as the true cause of the solar spots."

There is something more than commonly interesting in this noble speculation. Of all the phenomena with which we are acquainted, there is none which conveys to us more strikingly the impression of fierce energy than the hurricane or tornado. The volcano and the earthquake may be

in reality more tremendous exhibitions of nature's powers, but the source from which they derive their energy is comparatively remote. When the fierce tornado sweeps over a country all nature seems to feel its force. It is no subtle agency which is at work, but an open, blustering power, making itself felt by all who encounter it. And "the thought is overwhelming," as the late Professor Nichol has well remarked, "that from the tornado, terrific as it is, our minds must pass to hurricanes, apparently similar, in the solar atmosphere, by the inconceivable violence of which an opening of 50,000 miles in diameter may be made in the sun's cloud-envelopes; an opening, too, which extends probably to a depth of several thousand miles." Our tornadoes, tremendous as they seem, are like the faintest zephyrs when compared with the inconceivable fury of the solar cyclonic storms. It seems almost too bold a leap to pass from a phenomenon relatively so insignificant to the most surpassingly tremendous of all the forms of disturbance man has ever become acquainted with! "And yet," we may add with Professor Nichol, "is not the electric spark with which the child disports itself akin to the rending tropic thunder? Is not the power of life which sustains the smallest wild-flower exactly that which infuses strength into the giant pine, and causes it to evolve its mighty branches?" And so the tiniest eddy in the flowing river presents to us an illustration of the tremendous aerial whirlpool of the tornado, while the latter, even tinier in its relation to the solar cyclones, yet presents an accurate picture of their habitudes and of the mode in which they come into existence.

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But we need not go back to past years for the records of spots of tremendous dimensions; within the last six months gaps have opened in the sun's surface which will bear comparison with the largest that have yet been observed by astronomers. Mr. Browning, at a late meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society, exhibited a picture of an enormous spot bridged over by two strange streaks of light, formed, as it seemed, of interlacing flakes of a somewhat lengthened figure. An aggregation of clustering spots observed by the same astronomer was found to have a length of 97,700 miles and a breadth of 27,130 miles.

Equally remarkable with the dimensions of sun-spots are the rapid changes of figure to which these enormous vacuities are subject. Dr. Wollaston remarks on this point:—"I once saw, with a twelve-inch reflector, a spot which burst to pieces while I was looking at it. I could not expect such an event, and, therefore, cannot be certain of the exact particulars; but the appearance, as it struck me at the time, was like that of a piece of ice when dashed on a frozen pond, which breaks in pieces and slides on the surface in various directions." Of course this description requires to be a little modified. We cannot properly speak of a hole as breaking into pieces; though Wollaston's description is natural enough to the telescopist, to whom the spots have in general rather the appearance of real bodies than of vast cavernous openings. What Wollaston, then, has described as the breaking up of a spot into pieces, must in reality be looked upon as the sudden change of a single whirlpool into a number of smaller ones.

But although the spots are subject to these rapid processes of change, they often continue to exist as visible spots for many weeks, or even for several months. On one occasion Sir William Herschel followed a spot for six months. In 1840 and 1841 Schwabe saw a group of spots which returned no less than eighteen times into view.

But even more remarkable than the phenomena which the spots present to the telescopist, are the revelations which an instrument of far more power than the telescope has afforded us respecting the actual nature of those cloud masses within which the spots are formed. It must be remembered that the solar envelopes are *really* formed of clouds, although these clouds are constituted very differently from those which are suspended in our own atmosphere. The evidence which led Sir W. Herschel, as we have mentioned above, to the conclusion that the sun-spots are apertures through cloud-layers, has never yet been shaken; nor, indeed, does it seem possible to question the justice of his conclusions on this subject. We shall now see that the discovery has a wonderfully enhanced significance in the light of recent researches in solar physics.

Let us briefly consider what a cloud is. It will be found that the inquiry has a most important bearing on the subject we are dealing with.

When the heat of the sun is poured upon the surface of water, or on a moist soil, there rises into the air the invisible vapour which is the

gaseous form of water. Clouds, in fact, are not true vapour, though often spoken of as vaporous. The invisible vapour, rising by reason of its lightness, reaches at length regions of air in which there is not warmth enough to prevent the vapour from resuming the visible form. Accordingly, the vapour again becomes *water*, but in tiny globules or vesicles, which float about in the air, and the aggregation of which in enormous numbers constitutes the ordinary "wool-pack" cloud. A cloud of this kind may remain unchanged in form, or may (through the action of processes which do not at present concern us) discharge itself in rain, or it may be dissipated by the sun's heat, and the invisible vapour carried upwards from it may pass into regions of air so cold that, instead of minute vesicles of water, tiny ice-crystals are formed, the aggregation of which constitutes the "mare's-tail" cloud of the sailor.

Now, let us conceive that, in place of our oceans, there exist oceans of molten gold, and iron, silver, copper, zinc, and other metals; that from such oceans there continually rise up (into an atmosphere of hydrogen and other gases) the vapours of these metallic elements; that these vapours condense into clouds, which either remain floating in the solar air, or pour streams of metallic rain upon the sun's surface, or being again vaporized, rise into higher regions, where they are condensed into clouds of a somewhat different character from those formed at the lower level. Then we have formed some faint conception of what goes on around the sun's globe. But of the intense heat, of the fierce disturbance, of the multiplied forms of action at work in causing these processes or resulting from them, it is beyond the power of the human imagination to form adequate conceptions.

It must be remarked that absolutely no doubt can exist as to the substances of which the solar cloud-envelopes are formed. The spectro-scope has informed us as certainly that copper, iron, and zinc, for instance, exist in the state of vapour within the solar atmosphere as the simple instruments of the meteorologist inform him that water commonly exists in the form of vapour in our own air.

The laws according to which the solar spots seem governed are among the most perplexing problems which solar physics present to us. It had long been noticed that there are periods when sun-spots are more than usually numerous, and other periods, again, when they are altogether wanting; but it had not been supposed that these periods of disturbance and rest are regulated by any fixed or ascertainable laws. More than forty years ago, however, a German observer, Schwabe, of Dessau, entered on a process of systematic observation of the sun, such as none but a German philosopher would, perhaps, ever have thought of undertaking. Every day on which the sun was not obscured by clouds, Schwabe examined the solar disc, and counted the number of spots and clusters visible upon it. "For thirty years," said Dr. Main, in 1857, "the sun has never exhibited his disc above the horizon of Dessau without being confronted by Schwabe's imperturbable telescope, and, on the

average, that seems to have happened about 300 days a year. So, supposing he observed but once a day, he has made 9,000 observations, in the course of which he discovered 4,700 groups. That is, I believe, an instance of devoted persistence (if the word were not equivocal, I should say *pertinacity*) unsurpassed in the annals of astronomy." But Schwabe did not rest even then, and up to the present day—that is, for twelve years longer than when Dr. Main spoke—the pertinacious telescope of the astronomer of Dessau has continued at its work.

And now for the results of labours which, at first sight, would seem to involve a wilful waste of time. Let us again quote Dr. Main's words:—"The energy of one man has revealed a phenomenon that had eluded even the suspicion of astronomers for 200 years. Twelve years he spent to satisfy himself; six years more to satisfy, and still thirteen more to convince, mankind." The phenomenon referred to by Main is the periodicity of the sun-spots. Schwabe found that, in about ten years, the sun's face passes through a complete cycle of changes, from the state of maximum spot-prevalence, through the state of perfect freedom from spots, and back again to the former state.

There is a strange phenomenon in the sidereal heavens which is strikingly brought to our remembrance by Schwabe's noble discovery. We refer to the variable stars, or rather to the fact that every star which has been subjected to careful and systematic observation is found to be more or less variable. The sun, we know, is but one among the members of the sidereal system; and we have seen that his light is variable. Doubtless astronomers (if there be any) in planetary systems revolving around those far-off suns, recognize in our sun a variable star with a ten-year period, just as we recognize in the stars which deck our nocturnal skies other periods of variation—from the rapid changes of Algol (the demon-star of the Arabian astronomers) to the fifty-year period of the remarkable variable in the keel of the ship Argo.

The sun is now approaching—and he has perhaps very nearly attained—the epoch of maximum spot-prevalence. But as the periodic changes, though well marked, are subject to minor changes, which serve sometimes to slightly shift the epoch at which the spots are most numerous, some doubt still exists whether the present year or the next will be most remarkable for the size and number of the solar spots. If next year is to surpass the present, we may look for some marvellous exhibitions of solar activity, since already the spots and clusters are, as we have mentioned, singularly numerous and remarkable.

It remains that we should inquire how far the earth is interested in the processes of disturbance which affect the great central luminary.

When we remember that the earth owes to the sun all the supplies of force on which her inhabitants—animal and vegetable—subsist, we cannot suppose that disturbances affecting the condition of our luminary so importantly, as the sun-spots seem to do, can continue without in some way affecting us also. And accordingly Sir William Herschel long since

suggested that if estimates were carefully formed of the total amount of heat received from the sun in successive years, an association would very probably be detected between our weather and the appearance of the sun's disc. He pointed out that observations made in a single place, or even in a single country, would be valueless, because it is well known that a year which is one of dearth and scarcity for one country will often be one of unusual plenty for others.

Unfortunately no satisfactory results have yet followed from the inquiry. Physicists are not agreed, in the first place, as to what effects they may expect from the prevalence of sun-spots; and, in the second place, two processes of careful and, one would have thought, conclusive research have led to directly opposite results.

That the prevalence of sun-spots affects the earth's magnetism there can be no doubt whatever. For while Schwabe was conducting his solar observations, Colonel (now General) Sabine was investigating with an equally attentive scrutiny the peculiar oscillations to which the magnetic needle is subject. He found that these oscillations wax and wane in a regular manner, the period of the full series of changes being about ten years. When this period came to be compared with Schwabe's sun-spot period, it was found that the epochs when the magnetic needle vibrates over the largest are correspond exactly with the epochs of maximum solar disturbance.

Then there is the strange evidence drawn from the behaviour of the self-registering magnetic instruments at Kew, on September 1st, 1859. At the very instant when two telescopists at different observatories saw a brilliant spot of light form suddenly upon the sun, the instrument gave one of those strange jerks which indicate the occurrence of a magnetic storm of great intensity. And during the few following hours telegraphic communication was disturbed all over the world, clerks at work in telegraphic offices received violent shocks, the machinery being even in some places set on fire; while over both hemispheres auroral displays of an unusually magnificent character took place simultaneously.

It is most reasonable to conclude that many terrestrial phenomena of importance are influenced by changes in the action of the earth's magnetism. Indeed it has been demonstrated by M. Marié Davy, Chief of the Meteorological Division in the Imperial Observatory at Paris, that the weather is always affected in a *general* manner by the occurrence of magnetic disturbances. Therefore we have every reason to believe that further researches must indicate some such relation between the weather prevailing generally over the earth's surface, and the prevalence or absence of solar spots, as Sir William Herschel was led to look for. But our increase of knowledge on this particular point, although it gives us much better reason than Herschel had for believing that the sun-spots exert some influence on the earth, leaves us for the present in undiminished uncertainty as to the nature of that influence,

On Toleration.

PART I.

SOME years ago, in the pages of this Magazine, I wrote an essay *On Growing Old*. Since that time I have *grown* old; and I have been thinking what I have gained by it. Perhaps the sum-total is much; perhaps little. I am not now going to inquire. I would merely discourse upon one of my gains. I trust that I may use the first person plural and say that it is great gain that as we grow older we grow more *tolerant*. We are less frequently disappointed—we are less querulous and censorious—because we have dropped some of the egotism of our youth, and have ceased to look for the same manifestations from others as we know to be habitual in ourselves. And it is not only that with advancing age we come to understand more clearly that the same inward qualities or feelings speak out from different persons after different outward fashions, just as different men go by different roads to the same bourne, or do the same business in different ways; but that we learn how to take account of the influence of circumstances in moulding character and shaping conduct, and are more gentle and moderate in our judgments. I can remember that, when I was young, I sat in a sort of “bloody assize,” not only upon the doings, but on the characters, of my neighbours; and I pursued with a remorseless egotism all who happened to differ from me in action, in opinion, or in sentiment. I may be worse in many other respects; but in this I trust that I am better; and I would fain hope that many old or elderly people have profited in like manner by the attrition of years.

I am afraid, nevertheless, that there is still a large amount of intolerance in the world, even among those who have lived long enough to be kinder and wiser. For eighteen centuries, ever since the Great Exemplar of the Christian world stooped down and wrote with his hand on the dust, mankind has been open to the same rebuke; and we have been inclined to cast the first stone, if we only dare to do it with a knowledge of our own innocence. I purpose, therefore, to write something on the subject of Toleration, though with a full knowledge that I shall leave unsaid much that ought to be said about it. It is not, however, my design to discourse upon political or religious intolerance; although, having lived much in the great principality of Wales, heaven knows that of both I have seen more than enough. Frightful things in the way of dispossessions and evictions—cruel pressure of orthodox landlords on dissenting tenants not disposed to vote for church-rates, are often done, bringing honest men and families to the dust of ruin.* Of course this intolerance of the rich begets counter-

* I ought to state that I wrote this passage some months ago—long before Mr. Richard brought the intolerance of Welsh landlords to the notice of the House

irritations of intolerance among the poor. I have heard it said, "They have passed a church-rate, and Mrs. ——" (naming the rector's wife) "has got a new bonnet." Of course the notion that the parsoness's new head-gear was bought out of the parochial money was simply preposterous. But the belief was widely accepted among the poor. It was simply the intolerance of extreme ignorance, which cannot understand that anything can be done by others without a view to personal gain.

It is this ignorance, indeed—partly want of knowledge, and partly want of imagination—by no means confined to the poor, which is the source of nearly all the intolerance with which the world is afflicted. We know the full extent of the temptations and inducements by which we are beset, and we judge others by the standard of the circumstances which surround ourselves. But it is no merit in a blind man that he is free from "lust of the eye," or in a dumb man that he is not given to "evil speaking." Men and women, in all conditions of life, have their special temptations and their special exemptions from temptation; and there is a moral law, at least, by which we may sometimes move for an arrest of judgment, when we learn that some poor sinner has been tempted beyond what he could bear. Rich and poor, old and young, men and women, are subject, equally or unequally, to various internal and external influences, all more or less adverse to purity of life and integrity of conduct; and it would be far better for us all, in the long run, if we would pray for power to resist our own inducements to evil, instead of thanking God that we do not yield to the beguilements that allure our neighbours. Everyone knows this; it is the merest commonplace. But nothing so generally admitted in words is in practice so uniformly denied. It may be strange, but it is most true, that near the end, as we are, of the nineteenth century of the Christian era, no teaching is more wanted than this; ay, it would seem that even the teachers need to be taught, else why have I read, whilst I have been writing this paper at odd times, of an English clergyman bringing his dairymaid to the judgment-seat for taking a pennyworth of milk from the can without the permission of her reverend master, and of a bench of justices who sent her to prison for a week upon such a charge?

Above all things, I think, that we should be more tolerant towards the poor. We should endeavour to understand thoroughly what are the temptations which beset them, before we condemn them for doing what is not done by people who live easy lives, and, comparatively at least, "fare sumptuously every day." The morning dram and the evening visit to the alehouse are, doubtless, abominable things; but if Dives had to turn

of Commons. I see it stated in a conservative journal, that Welsh evictions are pure myths. I feel tolerably certain that if the writer had ever lived in Wales, he would not have written anything so notoriously at variance with the truth. I wish that I could believe the story to be a fiction. My own experience teaches me that the landlord screw is put on very tightly, not merely with reference to votes at elections, but in respect also of votes at vestry meetings.

out in all weathers—at five o'clock in the morning, perhaps earlier, would he abstain from fortifying himself by a matutinal stimulant of some kind or other? And if he had to go home in the evening to a close and untidy room, a slatternly wife and fractious children, would he not fain take refuge in some comfortable place of social resort, whether a club-house or a tap-room? Indeed, without these provocations, does he not often comport himself in this manner? The morning stimulant may be of a more aristocratic character than a noggin of gin—it may, perhaps, be sanctimoniously disguised as a “tonic”—but in effect it is the same thing. And the smoking-room of a West-end club is only a better kind of tap-room. I daresay that poor Opifex would as soon have a tumbler of soda-and-brandy, or a spoonful of bitter tonic in a glass of sherry, as the cheaper fluid to which he is compelled in the morning; and that he would not object to solace himself at sun-down with a choice regalia in the smoking-room of the Regimentum. For my own part, I wonder less at the amount of self-indulgence of this kind, than at the extent of the forbearance that is exercised. I observed a man, one evening, who had been at work since six in the morning, at the building of some suburban villas over against my cottage, shoulder his basket of tools, and prepare to march homewards. Just as he started, a workman from another job, also homeward-bound, met him and said, “How far for you, Bill?” “Five mile” was the answer,—and it was said cheerily enough,—as he strode on towards another county. I could not help thinking that I hoped he would have a pint of beer at some half-way house. For my own part, I am afraid that if I had to work some twelve hours at house-building, with a supplement of a five-mile walk morning and evening, on a hot summer’s day, I should require a good number of refreshers of this kind between my uprising and my down-sitting. No one can forget the heat of last summer, or how rich people lived in a continual state of iced claret-cup. There was a horrible report in the autumn that nearly all the workmen, of whom my friend with the five-mile walk was one, engaged on the buildings opposite to me, had gone away largely in debt to the proprietor of a contiguous tavern. Very strong opinions were of course expressed on the “rascality” of the proceeding; and I grieved over it, because the tavern-keeper was a poor man; but I felt that, if I had been a rich one, I would fain have wiped out the score, in consideration of those fiery days and the hours of hard toil at substantial house-building, at a time when it was a laborious process even to lie upon a sofa and build castles in the air.

But there are worse things than beer-drinking—worse things than not paying for it—with which the poor are often charged by their more fortunate brethren in no tolerant spirit. Foul language, blasphemous, obscene, sickening the very soul of the more refined passer-by—terrible often in its unmeant significance. The extreme inappropriateness of the expletives in common use among the “lower orders” proves that those who use the offensive words attach no particular idea to them—perhaps

do not even know that they are offensive words that could shock the most sensitive hearer. And, after all, so far as perfect incongruity is concerned, the "awfully jolly," or "awfully nice" of the young gentlemen and gentlewomen of the period, cannot possibly be outmatched in inappropriateness—even by the application of the epithet which protestants apply to Queen Mary, to such things as a good tap of beer or a good screw of tobacco. Those who use this and other expletives so freely as to send a shudder through us as they pass on the high road, have been habituated to the words since they were children—words that issued freely from the paternal lips—and they are no more than "very" is to us greybeards or "awfully" to our children. It must be in the memory of many, that less than half-a-century ago, the boys at the most aristocratic public schools swore even more terribly than "our troops in Flanders," and that the most obscene language flowed freely from the rosy lips of little fellows of twelve or thirteen. There is nothing so readily transfusible as contagion of this kind. If we could learn French and Italian, German and Romaine, as easily, we should all be great linguists in our boyhood. And perhaps it might be well, therefore, with our shudders to combine a thrill of thankfulness that neither the examples of our youth nor the tendencies of the age have been or are such as to make the dreadful words that so revolt us as familiar to our lips as to our ears.

Again, we hear a great deal about outrages on women among the poor. I remember writing, a dozen years ago or more, an article on this subject in a quarterly review. But I am afraid that I did not make the required allowances for the aggravations which bristle up so continuously in the poor man's domestic life. It may be assumed that men in good houses, with establishments of servants, do not beat their wives—with fists, or sticks, or pokers, or the legs of broken chairs. In a more refined state of society the cruelties to which women are subjected, in the married state, are not commonly physical cruelties. But, perhaps, they are quite as unendurable. And it is not improbable that those who now go home every day, when they like it, to a spacious well-furnished residence, with a servant to open the door to them, and to bring them a glass of iced sherry, to be quietly sipped whilst they are reading the evening papers in their library, and who thus cool and console themselves, if need be, before entering the family circle, and who are sure to see at dinner a well-ordered table and a well-dressed wife, and to be regaled with viands more or less choice, might not be in a much better frame of mind or hand than the ill-educated working-man, if they were to go home weary, worn, foot-sore, irritated, to a wretched house, with all the aggravations, perhaps, of an untidy wife, a bare table, and a bevy of noisy children. If under these evil influences,

Ruder words will soon rush in,
To spread the breach that words begin.

and words, after a little space develop into blows, we cannot be so greatly surprised. We may be sorry, but we ought not to be shocked.

At all events, we ought not to pass in our hearts severe censures on the "brutal" offenders. There is other brutality than that of the fist and the bludgeon,—quite as cruel, perhaps, and less excusable. But it does not bring the culprit before a police magistrate, and, perhaps, is beyond the reach of the Divorce Court. The difference is only in the outward and visible sign; and the blow which produces a black-eye, which disappears in a fortnight, may be infinitely less painful than the stab which inflicts a heart-wound never to be healed till God wipes away all tears from our eyes.

And then of that very matter, whereof I spoke at the commencement of this section of my discourse—what is commonly called stealing—the infraction of the eighth commandment. The stealing of a loaf of bread from a baker's counter or a turnip from a farmer's field, or the knocking down of a stray rabbit in the squire's warren, though each offence be the result of the cravings of hunger, is vile and unpardonable to the last degree, and society would, of course, be disorganized altogether, if the necessities of nature were thus to be recognized. But is there no other kind of thieving—no other kind of poaching? What answer would the law esteem it to be if a poor man charged with stealing a sheep, one of a flock of two hundred, the property of a neighbouring squire, were to answer, "Please your worship, he stole my only daughter." The criminal law can take no cognizance of the latter offence, but the stolen sheep may send a man to penal servitude for a number of years, and not very long ago would have sent him to the gallows. I make no complaint against the law,—I am only pleading for toleration. And I would suggest that there may be some amongst us who could not hear unmoved those solemn words, "*Thou art the man.*"

But much as we are wont to err in this respect, it must in all truth be added that we do not keep all our intolerance for those beneath us. We often go grievously wrong in our judgment of the offences of those whom high station surrounds with its own peculiar chain of temptations. A friend once said to me, "I believe that I should have been one of the worst men that ever lived if I had been an idle one," and many of us may echo the misgiving. From how many follies, how many wickednesses, are we preserved merely by want of money and want of time. If we have not ruined ourselves by horse-racing or degraded ourselves by immoralities of a kind not so publicly canvassed, we may be thankful that we have not had the opportunities which are present to those who have time to be killed and money to be spent; but we have clearly no right to rejoice vain-gloriously in our immunity from evil. A man who is occupied from morning to night with honest labour cannot do very much harm in the course of the day. But let him be exempted from the necessity of work, and place thousands to his account at Coutts's, and see whether he will be a more self-denying honest gentleman than any of our young dukes and marquises who have gone headlong to the place which Orpheus is said to have visited. Perhaps these young dukes and marquises are not less to be

compassionated than the toil-worn day-labourers whose besetting temptations and infirmities are wholly of a different kind. I do not know anything worse for a young man than to come into a great estate on first attaining that great heritage of woe, the lordship of himself. He thinks the wealth of which he suddenly becomes the possessor so boundless, and there are so many tempters lying in wait with honeyed words to lure to his destruction the voyager in that frail bark where sits "youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm," and all the gay company lounge, laughing and singing, whilst the boat is sinking.

Oh, different temptations lurk for all,
The rich have idleness and luxury.
The poor are tempted onward to their fall
By the oppression of their poverty ;
Hard is the struggle—deep the agony,
When from the demon watch that lies in wait,
The soul with shuddering terror strives to flee,
And idleness, or want, or love, or hate—
Lure us to various crimes for one condemning fate.

And, therefore, I say, recognizing this truth, it becomes us to be tender and forbearing in our judgments when the sirens are too powerful for the young lords of the Castle of Indolence, as they put out to sea in their gilded barks. And all the more should we rejoice and admire when, as sometimes happens, all temptations are wrestled down, and the will to do good is equal to the power. Truly says the accomplished writer of the above lines, after dwelling on "the victory in a battle mutely fought," achieved by others,*—

Yet doubly beautiful it is to see
One set in the temptation of High Class,
Keep the inherent deep nobility
Of a great nature, strong to over-pass
The check of circumstance, and choking mass
Of vicious faults, which youthful leisure woo—
Mirror each thought in honour's stainless glass,
And by all kindly deeds that power can do,
Prove that the brave good heart hath come of lineage true.

A quarter of a century has passed since this was written, and England has rejoiced, during that time, in noble exemplars of that true nobility, to the splendour of which native worth has contributed more than rank and wealth, and all the outer crust of the blue blood. And second to none amongst these is one whom the gifted writer has seen grow up amongst the nearest and dearest of her kindred—that sister's son, whom to know is to admire and love. We are all now grieving, as I write, over some

* There are many of my readers whom I need not remind that these lines are taken from Caroline Norton's *Child of the Islands*, which, from first to last, is a beautiful poetical plea for toleration—very tender, compassionate, and charitable in all its utterances. The value of such a book must long outlive the occasion which called it forth.

sad decadences of noble houses, and many shallow-brained, sensational writers are drawing inferences from them, not favourable to our aristocracy; but these instances are, after all, only the exceptions, indeed the rare exceptions, and I could cite against every single example of lost opportunities many of such opportunities turned to the best account. And I am glad to see that the highest amongst us are appreciating the true dignity of honest labour. When we are told that the head of a great ducal house (and he is not alone in this,) is apprenticing his younger sons to commerce, and wishing them to become in time merchant princes, we may well have greater faith than ever in the nobility of the land.

Then again, perhaps, we are not always very tolerant to the young. Much has been written lately, and with great severity, against the rising generation, as though the young men of the present day were infinitely worse than their fathers. And, in some respects, perhaps they are. But ought not we greybeards to consider that, after all, it may be our own faults? It may not be an axiom of universal truth that "good fathers make good sons." Indeed, I have known many cases in which industry, self-denial, and other kindred virtues have shown a tendency to "skip a generation," like the gout, and what is called a "frightful example" is sometimes more influential for good than an encouraging one. But there is enough in the saying for us to ponder over very gravely when we are disappointed and grieved by the conduct of our children. I do not think that in the recent discussions upon this subject sufficient stress was laid upon the fact that the age is emphatically one of excessive competition, and that men devote more time than they did of old to affairs of business, and less to the performance of their domestic duties. It is a hard, grinding, money-making age. Men toil early and late for their wives and children, and think that they have done well. The man who said that he had never seen his children by daylight except on Sundays, expressed only with a very little exaggeration what is a common state of things. And I say that such fathers do well in their generation as "bread-finders;" but might they not do better, if they lived less in the counting-house and a little more in the nursery and the school-room? One cannot but respect the man who "scorns delights and lives laborious days," for the sake of those who "are to come after him;" but there is better wealth than money to be stored up for his children. We may speak tenderly of the error, but it is none the less an error for our tenderness. Of small benefit is it to make money for our children, if we do not teach them how to spend it wisely. I have, whilst writing this, opened a book, in my desultory way, —a volume of Mazzini's *Essays*,—in which I find it written: "Compelled by your position to constant toil, you are less able to bestow upon your children a fitting education. Nevertheless, even you can in part fulfil your arduous mission, both by word and by example. You can do it by example. 'Your children will resemble you and become corrupt or virtuous in proportion as you are yourself corrupt or virtuous. How shall they

become honest, charitable, and humane, if you are without charity for your brothers? How shall they restrain their grosser appetite if they see you given up to intemperance? How shall they preserve their native innocence if you shrink not from offending their modesty by indecent act or obscene word? You are the living model by which their pliant nature is fashioned. It depends on you whether your children be men or brutes.' (Lamennais: *Words of a Believer*.) And you may educate your children by your words. . . . Let them learn from your lips, and the calm approval of their mother, how lovely is the path of virtue; how noble it is to become apostles of the truth; how holy to sacrifice themselves if need be for their fellows."

It is well that we elders should ponder these words of a great teacher—or, rather, of two great teachers—when we press heavily upon the shortcomings of the young. Let us ask ourselves, Have we done all that we could do—

To teach high thoughts and amiable words,
And courtliness and the desire of fame,
And love of truth and all that makes a man,

before we complain, as it is much the fashion now to complain, that the present generation of young men are more selfish and corrupt than the past. Self-questionings of this kind are of the very essence of toleration. But there are other questions than those which so often result in self-reproach—other excuses for the young than the errors of the old. Chiefly there are what are called "the tendencies of the age." If our sons, in the adolescent state, were not as domestic as we ourselves were at that dangerous period of life, is it not true that we had fewer temptations—that there were fewer snares to entrap us—that it was not then, as it is now, the business in life of large numbers of people to provide, on a great scale but at a small charge, intoxicating and demoralizing amusements, after dark, for the residents in large towns? It would be simply asinine for a man of fifty to say to his son, "I did not go to music-halls when I was of your age." The son would answer silently, if not vociferously,—for the sons of the period are not very respectful in their addresses to parents,—"But you would, if there had been any." It may be so. I cannot say that I am at all clear on the subject. I should be sorry to put in a very distinct negative. I think that we had our "larks" in those days; but they were few and far between, and we went home very regularly to the paternal dinner. The respected individual, who would in these days be called "the governor" (there was a generation between us), though he had a thriving business in the City, by which he made more than a quarter of a million out of half-a-crown, was at home to dinner on Wandsworth Common every day at half-past five; and I well remember the agony of mind that I suffered if by any unhappy chance I seemed to be at such a distance from home as to be likely not to be full dressed, in complete suit of black, white neckcloth, black silk

stockings and pumps, to appear in the drawing-room in response to the "second bell." I am afraid that the young men of the period are very irregular in this respect—that their place at the dinner-table is often vacant without any explanation, or that they dribble into it with the second course. We never ventured to appear late in those days; and were fain, in case of default, to make interest with the butler to get something cold in the odd room, which was called "the study." But then the "governor" of those days was more regular than he is in these. Clubs were only in their infancy. Those family compacts, which are anything but infrequent now-a-days, for a paternal dinner at the club that wife and daughters may have more time to dress for opera or ball, were unknown when I was a boy, for dinners were early. Men drop in at their clubs on their way homewards, and appear about eight o'clock. Of course this kind of irregularity affects the younger members of the family. The absence of the parental red tape begets looseness of conduct; and the ubiquitous attractions of the music-halls in such circumstances are not to be resisted. I wonder what is the amount of capital sunk in these institutions, and what the statistics of the female population engaged to appear nightly in the scantiest possible attire? It is true that we had the "Cider Cellars" and the "Coal Hole" in my young days, but the coarseness there was all masculine, and our attendances were rare. I do not remember that they had much effect upon the lives of our generation. Perhaps they rather disgusted us.

That continual pest of much smoking had not grown up in those days. It was feebly struggling into English existence, and was not recognized as a legitimate custom. Such was the repugnance of most elderly people to the habit, when I was a stripling, that when I occasionally indulged, on the top of a coach or during a pull up the river, in a cigar (to smoke a pipe was in those days an unfailing mark of the *canaille*), I never dared to present myself in the family circle without an entire change of clothes, and at least an hour of ablution and deodorisation by means of lavender-water or eau-de-Cologne. And yet such was the keenness of the olfactory nerves of the period, that I was generally detected after all. Smoking has now become a habit amongst us; and it would be intolerant on our part to condemn our sons because they bring their pipes out of their pockets after breakfast, and, after an unknown number of applications to the weed during the day-time, finish up with a smoke before going to bed. Of course they do not hesitate to appear before their parents reeking with tobacco, or to light their pipes (to put the case mildly) in the hall. But the age, not the boys—dear fellows!—are to be blamed for this. We should have done the same when we were youngsters.

Again, I think that we men are not very tolerant of what we call the weaknesses of women; but in which, after all, lies much of their strength. The commonest complaint of all is, that they are "fond of dress." For my own part I would not give much for a woman who is not fond of dress. Nor would I care much to know a man indisposed to encourage this

feminine fondness. The true knightly instinct is to feel towards the chosen one an unflinching desire—

To compass her with sweet observances,
To dress her beautifully, and keep her true.

I can hardly conceive any greater delight for an honest, loving gentleman than to do these good works and to mark their results. And it is to be said that in many, if not in most instances, the desire to dress well is only a desire to please. As between husband and wife, carelessness in dress is one of the first indications of declining affection. And even if, as sometimes happens, the love of dress is, for the most part, a desire to outshine other women, it is a natural, indeed a harmless emulation. If women have no nobler ambitions, it is mainly the fault of the men. If they cannot speak each other down in debate, they may dress each other down in society. It may be said that victory depends in such a case upon the husband's purse or the dressmaker's art, not upon the genius of the competitor. But this is true only in a limited sense. No amount of money to buy clothes, and no skill in the artiste who makes them, can compensate for a want of taste in the wearer. Taste in dress commonly indicates a general sense of the becoming in all domestic concerns. The Frenchman who wrote a treatise on *The Duty of a Pretty Woman to Look Pretty*, did not address himself to the discussion of a mere frivolity. There was an under-current of philosophy beneath it. And surely there is something like ingratitude to the Giver of all good gifts not to treasure and to cherish, even to rejoice in, the divinest of them all.

I think, too, that we are somewhat prone to misunderstand and to misjudge women, because their ways are so different from the manifestations of our masculine natures. It is common, for example, to attribute want of affection to others merely because it is not in their nature to be affectionate after our own external pattern. We break our hearts over the thought, "I should not have done this or that," and with the marvellously false logic of self-torture, we say, "If there were any true love, this thing could not be." But love is not one, but many. Its angel-wings are of varied plumage. I had a very dear friend who married, as men the wisest amongst us often do, a woman younger than and much unlike himself,—in all ways charming, but in all ways provoking, too, as only very pretty women can be,—saucily, coquettishly, petulantly provoking, often rainy and stormy, but with marvellous gleams of tender sunshine—beautiful and bewitching and irresistible always; treading down reason, judgment, all things with her small foot, and snapping all the boundaries that lie between right and wrong with her queenly hand. Some men would have resented this,—my friend saddened under it. Like Shakespeare's Moor, he was "not easily jealous," but, in time, he came to be "perplexed in the extreme." So he spoke to her one day, very gravely and sorrowfully, saying that he was afraid that she did not love him—that she would have been happier with some one else. And what did she do? She turned upon him a face radiant with happiness, and said, "You

dear old goose, not love you—'happier with some one else!' Why, if I had married any one else but my silly old darling, I should have worried him into his grave in a month. But you must take me as I am, you know, and let me love you in my own way." And from that time a great contentment came upon him. With his tenderness, which was unflinching, there went forth towards her an infinite toleration; and in time it came to pass that he would not have changed the love which she gave him "in her own way" for any love shaped in accordance with the standard of his egotism. What she gave him was all herself, as he found, not as once he wished to fashion her; and it was far better than anything he could have made. Sickness fell upon him, and she was the gentlest of nurses. Poverty—I mean what was poverty to them—descended upon him; and she was the most self-denying of helpmates. She, who had been wont to have every wish gratified,—and to pout, perhaps to murmur, if it were not—now subdued herself to all the wishes of another. She who had once exacted, now yielded everything; and she lovingly confessed, "I am happier now, dear, than when I was your spoilt child." And I believe that this is anything but an uncommon story. We blame others and we worry ourselves, mainly because, lacking the necessary amount of imagination, we cannot go out of ourselves—we cannot eat our way out of the hard shell of our egotism and look abroad upon the manysidedness of human nature.

I do not mean to imply that all the injustice, as between men and women, is committed by the former and endured by the latter. I am afraid that women are sometimes a little intolerant and unjust, simply from a want of right understanding of masculine irritations and provocations, and the general environments, indeed, of the bread-finder. The commonest thing of all is to think that men are "cross,"—ill-tempered, saturnine,—when they are only grave: serious and silent, perhaps weary and careworn. They may have had many crosses out-of-doors, but they have no crossness at home, and at the very bottom, perhaps, of their solemnity is an infinitude of tenderness and love. I do not know how I can put my meaning better than in the words of a valued friend, to whom years had, indeed, brought the toleration for which I am contending. One of his young daughters had said to him,—as young girls are somewhat prone to say,—“I wish I were a man!”—and he had not answered her at once, save with a word or two of dissent, but had waited till she was a little older; and one day, the opportunity having arisen, he spoke to her, after this fashion. . . . But I must reserve for another month the man's plea for Toleration.

